JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 72 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1907 | ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

What is Your Number?

John Bull in the City.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

The Strike Alarm.

The Majority and the Minority.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Among the Books.

Bull's Eyes Letter Bag.

Hurly Burly.

Racing Notes, etc.

The Performer

THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION . .

KNOW THE ARTISTES AS THEY ARE . .

By reading

The Performer

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Bungalow as above, 25 miles from London, and 10 minutes from Station, with one acre, £270.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 72. Saturday, October 19th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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UNITED KINGDOM	6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION	8s. 8d.

SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

Applications for advertisement space to be made to Messrs. Greenberg and Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Matinee Every Saturday at 2. Doors open 1.40.
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 9.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled
THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
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6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

REMOVAL OF "JOHN BULL" OFFICES

To New and Larger Premises.

On Monday next, October 21st, the Offices of "JOHN BULL" will be removed to our New Premises, 67, Long Acre, W.C., where in future all communications must be addressed.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

The following claims have been received in respect of September 7th:—

Mr. A. W. BUIST, 5, Rita Road, Fentiman Road, Vauxhall, S.W. (No. 261100).

Mr. F. W. BRISCOE, 280, Barking Road, East Ham (No. 176262).

Mr. JULIUS MILLS, 50, Carlton Mansions, Stamford Hill, N. (No. 208876).

The following claim has been allowed in respect of August 31st:—

Mr. H. B. CONEY, Wilmore Street, Much Wenlock (No. 117793).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 14TH.

295,056	271,734
306,846	268,919
342,195	317,232
306,580	359,955
263,465	283,819

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 21ST.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, October 21st.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 23RD (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 21ST).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing and competent to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

So we are not "rogues and vagabonds," after all. Had we been convicted on the recent Lottery summonses, that would have been our correct legal description. At one time we wondered whether such a conviction would have invalidated our seat in the House; but having consulted high constitutional authority, we found that rogues and vagabonds are fully eligible for Parliament. It is only aliens, lunatics, felons, clergymen, and people of that sort, who can't sit in the Commons.

We do not propose to waste much space over the case, at any rate in this column. It is reported, at sufficient length, on pages 366 and 367. The result is eminently satisfactory. We go on with our scheme. Sir Marcus Samuel, had he been left alone, would, we are convinced, have kicked the whole thing out of Court; but with the City Solicitor and the Police on the one hand, and Mr. Muir and Mr. Douglas, the Clerk, on the other, we suppose it was too much to expect. At the same time, everybody in Court was curious to see how the worthy Alderman was going to escape from the tight corner into which the evidence and arguments for the defence—wound up in a classic and brilliant speech from Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.—had driven the prosecution. But he was equal to the occasion. Availing himself of one of the sections of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, he found that the offence had technically been committed, but that it was of "so trivial a character" that he dismissed the case. At the same time, just to save the face of the City Solicitor, he thought we ought to contribute a bit towards the costs! Pressed as to whether this decision meant that our scheme is really illegal, the wily cadi declined to be drawn! Who says that the Law is *not* "a Hass"?

The most satisfactory feature of the case, however, was the admission by both counsel and witness for the prosecution that everything connected with the scheme has been fair and above board. To get that declaration in a public Court, in these days of Limerick frauds, were well worth the trifle which the case has cost us. We shall therefore charge the item to advertising account.

"What is your Number?"

There are not many stories to be told against the late Lord Brampton. In a duel of words, friendly or otherwise, he was sufficiently a master of repartee to come out victor. On one occasion, however, words failed. He was an inveterate whist player, and being a really good exponent of the game, could not enjoy a rubber at which a poor or careless player took a hand. One evening he and two of his friends waited in vain for the expected fourth. Despairing at length of his arrival, and unwilling to be deprived of their game, they persuaded a young sprig of the nobility to make up the party. He was not the man they would have chosen if there had been much choice, but they decided to make the best of him. As it happened, he was neither an enthusiast nor a player. They cut for partners, and he fell to Sir Henry Hawkins. They lost badly, and Sir Henry ultimately lost his patience also. In fact, he told his partner in well chosen and characteristically caustic terms what he thought of him as a whist player. The young nobleman, when he recovered his breath, adjusted his glass, and looking at the judge with indescribable hauteur, exclaimed: "Look here, you know, you forget yourself. You are not in one of your d——d police courts *now*."

The claim of the men for the recognition of their Union, voiced with uniform good temper and moderation by Mr. Richard Bell, is one which has caught the sympathetic ear of the public and put the directors completely in the wrong. Their uncompromising attitude is based on the professed belief that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants represents a comparatively small percentage of the workers, and that it is bluffing. But already the men have received a notable addition to their fighting strength without the asking—in the shape of the support of the Miners' Federation. "Support" is an elastic word. While hopes of a settlement can be entertained, however, elastic words are necessary; but if the struggle comes, it goes without the saying that the railway directors will have to fight the Society and the Federation both. And let us hasten to add that this is only the first lead. What the Miners' Federation declares to-day, other powerful Unions may declare to-morrow. A strike in which the railways are involved with the mines, and probably with the ships, would be too terrible a tragedy. The country would reel from end to end under the blow, and it would be almost criminal on the part of the directors to cause it.

It looks as if the new War Office airship were, after all, fit for neither breeze nor battle. "Nulli Secundus" is its name, but if it is second to none, we feel rather sorry for the others. That it looks pretty in the sky may be admitted. When it was hovering over St. Paul's the other morning it was a perfect picture. Through the still air the whirr of its propeller could be distinctly heard as it made a semi-circle round the dome. But obviously an airship which leaves home and cannot get back again on account of the wind is of limited use as a going concern. Let us suppose that in time of war Aldershot, the point of departure, is the British headquarters, and that the Crystal Palace, where the airship descended, on account of the wind being in the wrong direction, is within the lines of the enemy. What in that case becomes of "Nulli Secundus," Colonel Capper, and Mr. Cody? And yet how the gullible press howled itself into hysterics over this new toy!

By the talk of some of the Socialists, one would suppose that they were the only people in the country who believed in Old Age Pensions, or had done anything towards pressing them into the region of practical politics. For instance, Mr. Snowden is reported as having stated at Bradford that "as a stepping-stone he would accept five shillings a week for every man and woman aged 65." This is kind of him. It indicates a high degree of thoughtfulness. But, after all, Mr. Snowden is neither the first, nor the last, nor the sole court of appeal in this matter. It is by the solid body of progressive force throughout the country that Old Age Pensions will be pushed forward. If there is any dodging or jiggery-pokery by the Government on the matter, their punishment is likely to be swift and sure, quite apart from anything the Socialists may or may not threaten to do. The Government are, in fact, pledged to pensions by the most definite promises, and funds are already "ear-marked" to make "a beginning"—next year. When, therefore, Mr. Snowden says that "Socialists are determined that the Government must legislate on Old Age Pensions next year," we simply respond, "and so say all of us."

We have received anonymously a copy of the *Southend Standard* of September 26th, containing a

long report of a speech recently delivered in a local chapel. It is headed: "'How Can I Help England?' Stirring and Interesting Address by the Rev. D. Ewart James. Drink, Gambling, Priestcraft, and other Evils. Roman Catholics Strongly Condemned. Jingo Spirit and Certain Newspapers. The Hire Purchase System and Limericks. The True Socialist." The two following quotations are typical of the Rev. D. Ewart James' style: "When in Liverpool I wore a clerical collar at first, but, being clean shaven, I was taken for a Roman Catholic. I had to decide whether I had to be a Roman Catholic or a Nonconformist. So I cast aside the collar, and to-day I am *disguised* as a man." "The Church of England did not represent half the nation. The Free Churches *did*." Such delicious *naïveté* is refreshing!

It is only a few days since *Macmillan's Magazine*, in its October number, announced its own demise. With scarcely a breathing space between, there now comes the notification of the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Professor David Masson, who was its first editor on its inauguration in 1859, a post which he held for a period of seven years, being followed by Sir George Grove, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Mowbray Morris, in succession. *Macmillan's* for a long time enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest of the shilling monthlies, until, just two years ago, the price was reduced to sixpence. It may certainly be described as having been, in its earlier days, in the foremost category of high-class literary periodicals.

We have never quite understood why anybody (except sculptors) should desire to add to the statues of London. Most of the existing ones are inartistic, many of them represent uninteresting or infamous people, and nearly all are grossly neglected. The usual plan seems to be to surround them with sand-bins, ambulances and lavatories, or else to hide them away where no one can see them. We wonder how large a sum of money has been wasted upon the effigies of half-forgotten people, and whether it might not be possible to obtain a few pounds towards old-age pensions by selling them as rubbish.

Some days ago there appeared in the *Morning Post* a mysterious advertisement implying that somebody had at last discovered the elixir of life. We had the curiosity to send a stamp for a pamphlet, entitled "Can man live for ever?" It is quite amusing reading. We are bidden to "Think of the days when the Earth shall cease to be one vast graveyard; when 'Death, swallowed up in victory,' shall no longer tear husband from wife, and mother from child, and lover from lover; when the ripe experience of virile age, the beauty of woman, and the genius of the artist, the author, or the statesman shall remain with us, ever expanding into greater knowledge, more ineffable loveliness, and more perfect achievement." Then there are some remarks about "The King of Terrors" and "the grim shadows of a nightmare past." We are reminded that carp and elephants undoubtedly live for hundreds of years; that turtle which had been alive in the reign of Henry III. were recently exhibited in England; and that some serpents are said to be a thousand years old. This prompts the enquiry: Why should not men live equally long? Old age and death, it appears, are merely due to ossification. Some people have thought that this could be warded off by eating raw apples and drinking distilled water.

But now a certain Mr. E. J. Kibblewhite, the author of this pamphlet and the editor of the *Weekly Times and Echo*, comes forward with what he calls the Life Liquid. He is careful to say that he does not know whether he is going to live to be 500, for "the test of its worth as a life lengthener must, of course, be experience." He does pretend, however, that he can restore the appearance of the flesh of age to that of youth. He "can make the hands or feet of a labourer like those of a baby," which would no doubt be very useful to the labourer at his work. A few testimonials are given. A "well-known literary lady" writes: "I am being made a new woman all over. Never since I was a girl have I felt as I feel to-day." A "retired army major of 80" writes: "My face now is like an apple." And a Mr. William Reed announces: "I have felt as good as when I was 20 by the use of your liquid of life." It simply remains for us to add that this wonderful liquid costs only a guinea a bottle. Let us hope that, like Beecham's Pills, it is worth it.

Why cannot the Post Office give us decent pens and pencils and blotting paper? It is a constant source of annoyance when one has to send off a telegram or fill up a postal order. Miserable little stumps of pencil, generally blunt and very often broken, are tied to the wall by string or chains; worn-out pens of the very worst kind may be dipped into muddy ink, with which you will cover your fingers. Having written your document with much difficulty and discomfort, you are confronted with a piece of blotting paper, no larger than a man's hand, which has apparently been used for generations, and looks as though hungry persons had nibbled at the edges. Then, as to the postal officials, they are very obliging, but we are often amazed by their geographical shortcomings. Within the last few days we tried them with such places as Belgrade, Antwerp, and Marseilles. They immediately ran away to fetch a big ragged volume, to find out, after long research, in what countries the places were situated and the telegraphic rate. And yet people pretend that modern education is highly developed!

"Jim Crow" having said that, if lying were abolished, fairy tales ought to be forbidden, the *Tribune* has been asking whether they are really harmful to children. The argument of its correspondents seems to be that, as the fairy stories are untrue, children who read them will not grow up into George Washingtons. Some people, it appears, have thought that fairy tales might be permitted if they taught some useful lesson. More than fifty years ago George Cruikshank, we learn, re-wrote the most popular nursery legends so as to propagate the doctrines of total abstinence, free trade and popular education. This annoyed Dickens, who ridiculed a total abstinence edition of "Robinson Crusoe" with the rum left out; a peace edition with the gunpowder left out and the rum left in; a vegetarian edition with the goat's flesh left out; and so forth. Then he tried his hand upon a version of Cinderella, full of improving remarks about Bands of Hope, the dangers of tight lacing, ocean penny postage, etc. We had no idea that Dickens could be so witty.

Sir Oliver Lodge has evidently been thinking of "moonlighting," to judge from a sentence in his *Clarion* article:—

> True, all cannot be leaders, but unless a youth is ambitious he will achieve nothing. You may not hit the moon, but at least you will shoot higher if you aim at it than if you only aim at a blackbird in a hedge. But remember the *gaol* is a long way off yet. When people want to make a lofty building what do they do? They begin by digging a hole.

"Aiming at a blackbird" may be a polite euphemism for "doing in" somebody, but we rather question whether the *gaol* will be as far off as he thinks. It don't matter much who builds that "lofty building" when you find yourself "in the hole."

Some magistrates seem to think that whenever a prisoner gets into their clutches, their bounden duty is to place as many obstacles as possible in the way of his being allowed to properly defend himself. Recently an old offender called William Bailey was charged with being in possession of counterfeit coin. *He reserved his defence.* On him was found three counterfeit sixpences, £1 8s. 6d. good money, and a watch. He applied for the use of the good money found on him (as

to which there was no claim by anyone) to enable him to brief counsel, but the magistrate refused to make the order, on the ground that he "had disclosed no defence." Of course, under a recent enactment, a magistrate may order *free* legal advice to a prisoner without any means, provided he discloses a defence, but the above case does not come within the Act. Bailey may or may not have a defence. He is an old gaolbird, and people of his class are, rightly or wrongly, under the impression that if their defence is disclosed, their witnesses may be tampered with before the trial. But in any case he is entitled to his money, and it was a gross injustice to withhold it from him.

Oh, those contents bills! The other night an evening paper perpetrated the following:—

AMAZING BIGAMY.
MURDER MYSTERY.
SHOCKING ACCIDENT IN THE CITY.
ALL THE WINNERS.

Who says we are not a sport-loving nation? But this was not quite so bad as the morning paper which announced:—

MORE CATTLE MAIMING.
WIDOW LADY ATTACKED.

Taken in conjunction with the famous poster,

ARRIVAL OF MARK TWAIN.
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN—

it looks as though the sub-editor should keep his eye on the publisher.

Some people think that the English are a nation of hypocritical humbugs, but surely the Yankees are a thousand times worse. An unfortunate teetotaler named Fairbank, who was supposed to be in the running for the Presidency, committed the terrible crime and blunder of giving somebody or other a cocktail at a public banquet. At this there was a fearful outcry, and his chances of the Presidency have been utterly destroyed. We do not quite follow the line of argument of the goody-goody. Even if he had drunk a cocktail himself, that would not necessarily make him unsuitable for holding high office. But if we admit that all future Presidents must be teetotalers, is not it rather harsh to exact that they shall also be inhospitable? Very few of the fanatical opponents of alcohol go so far as to refuse to supply it to their guests. We confess that we have very little patience with people who insist upon thrusting their opinions down the throats of other people in this disagreeable way, and if we took any interest in American politics, we should certainly wish Mr. Fairbank good luck in his campaign.

What a country this is for new religions! There is an apostle whose German name, being interpreted, means "shortcoat," and whose gospel it apparently is that we should wear no coats at all. "Clothing," he says, "is unnecessary in summer, except, perhaps, for engine-drivers. I only wear a loin-cloth in my garden." Boots, corsets, and collars are bad; true believers must take soup for breakfast; and we are not to eat more than twice a day unless we are a child. The mode of life, however, does not seem to make people particularly sturdy, for we are told that one should always sleep in wool or cotton-wool. Another of the gentleman's commandments is that all women should learn to run, in order to strengthen their internal organs. Quite apart from the question of their internal organs, we should imagine that most of them would very speedily learn to run if they were compelled to see much of his grotesque figure. As to the fair sex, we fancy that his education has been somewhat neglected, for he tells us that "country girls are to city women what doves are to wasps." Unless this is a delicate reference to their waists, it is simply silly. City women can coo just as sweetly as the others, and country girls are not entirely impotent in the matter of buzzing and stinging. But even if Mr. Shortcoat's statement were correct, we do not quite see its relevance as a religious pronouncement. However, we daresay that the crank will soon have a large following.

We have been favoured with the following letter from the Editor of the *Christian Commonwealth*:—"In consequence of recent discussion, I am asking some representative people if they will send me something in the nature of a statement of their creed or confession of faith. It might conduce to brevity and simplicity to cast it in the usual credal form—that is, a series of 'I believes' covering, if practicable, theological and philosophical belief and social duty. The use of the negative form ('I do not believe') also might be found convenient." Our answer is: We believe that it doesn't matter what anybody *believes*. The question is what he *does*. Next, please.

The editor of the *Bury Times* is a bit of a wag. He publishes a photographic group of young men watching a local football match, and offers "a prize of a bar of chocolate to the sender of the first envelope opened correctly showing which are spectators from Bury! *A postal order for 2s. 6d. must be sent with each attempt.*" We commend the idea to the Limerick merchants. It may come in useful when their present game is stopped.

A ladies' journal takes on itself a serious responsibility when it tells us that the wink is to be fashionable this autumn. Considering the excitable condition of London policemen at present, we advise our lady readers to avoid misapprehension by winking only (1) when they read the regulations for Limerick competitions, (2) when listening to "Tariff Reformers," (3) when looking at the *Daily Mirror* life photos, or (4) when reading that the appointment of Mr. Stewart as Public Trustee removes a great burden from the minds of thousands of anxious testators.

Many interesting little bits of information are to be found in "Blue Books," if trouble be taken to unearth them. According to the volume of "Judicial Statistics, Ireland," just issued, for instance, it appears that Limerick City, as is but fitting, contains the greatest proportion of persons guilty of "Non-indictable Offences"—such, doubtless, as these so-called "Competitions." It also stands pre-eminent in regard to "All Criminal Offences," and it is one of the few places where crime is increasing. It, naturally, stands well to the fore in regard to "Simple Larceny" and "Larceny from the Person." Twenty-one prosecutions at the expense of the Crown were instituted last year, at a cost of something under £200. October is the busy time of the gaols there, 186 persons becoming His Majesty's guests in that month last year. This is bad news for Limerickers.

It was certainly time that one of the London magistrates set an example in putting the police and the public on a level in the matter of police court evidence. "All witnesses out of court" has hitherto applied to everybody except the police. This sort of thing has, of course, been all in favour of the prosecution, and all against the accused, and we are glad to see that Mr. Fordham is determined to put a stop to it by special order. In his court, in future, what is sauce for the goose will be sauce for the gander. A policeman in a case will not be allowed to hear what another officer has said in the witness box, and thus the gentle art of "jining flats" will not be so easy of cultivation as it has been.

Mr. Fordham's order has been received with something akin to consternation in the ranks. So much so, indeed, that certain officers have informed us that in future they will not arrest or report anybody in "police and public's

cases unless they have ample corroboration from people willing to give evidence, or actual complaints from them. Not only magistrates, but divisional inspectors, are becoming alive to the fact that in the force zeal and truth have not always gone hand in hand. Not many days ago the Police Orders of a certain suburban district contained the name of a constable who was fined several days' pay and severely reprimanded by his superiors for making an illegal arrest and using language unsuitable for the drawing room. The public do not hear of these things, as a rule, for official pigeon-holes carefully keep the facts concealed. Among the police themselves the effect cannot be otherwise than wholesome. The *rôle* of prosecutor is not for them. They must be taught to hold the balance level. To make an arrest without obtaining a conviction tells against their record, no doubt; but that is their affair. If a charge has to be bolstered up by exaggeration, it should not be made at all. The police must be the friends of the public. They are our own civil force, and we never know when we may have to act together.

To Dr. Radard, of Geneva, is credited the discovery that complete insensibility to pain may be obtained by subjecting the human eye to blue electric light. This seems like another boon and a blessing. When you have the toothache, or the headache, or the backache, or any other distress, all you need do in future is to switch on the blue electric, gaze earnestly at the same, and, lo! the pain is gone. The doctor says violet and blue rays have a similar but less powerful effect, and that red and yellow are no use at all. Everybody who can afford it should therefore keep a blue electric light about the house to switch on when required. No home should be without it. Once tried always used. It touches the spot, acts like magic, and induces the smile that won't come off. And, on the homœopathic principle, it should be equally good for the "blues."

We wonder that a sufficient supply of Braille publications is not provided for the blind. The books which they can buy are expensive, few, and dull. They ought to have all the newest literature and plenty of serial publications. It should not be difficult to produce a daily edition of some newspaper for their benefit. Failing this, why does not some one organise a phonograph service? They would have their own machine at home, and new cylinders could reach them daily.

A LITTLE FABLE FOR M.P.'S.

A soul staggered wearily to Heaven's portal, and threw himself face downwards on the threshold.

"I'm John Smith," said the soul, "late of London, England. I fear my qualifications are not numerous. I've helped the weak, hammered the strong, and tried my best to smother petty malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness. I've lived straight and clean."

"Umph!" grunted St. Peter. "That's what they all say. Have you nothing else to say for yourself?"

The soul lifted his face from the ground and rose slowly to his knees.

"I have failed weakly and I have sinned miserably; I have suffered the scorn and contumely of men; the two or three women who loved me for a time—and, please, will God bless them very much for loving me—tired of me and turned away, so that I wandered alone through the waste places of the earth, living on husks and the food of swine, drinking the bitter waters of despair, and foregathering with the outcasts and despised of mankind; pain and sorrow, sickness and hunger, have been my lot; but"—here the soul rose to his feet and looked Peter squarely in the face—"*but through all I have always given my political opponents credit for entire honesty of purpose.*"

Peter hurriedly drew back the bolt and threw the door wide open.

"Walk right in," he said. "We can do with your sort in my establishment."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 390.

For stating that, at the Reigate rifle range, the Bishop of Southwark "shot himself and, at a pinch, presented the prizes,"

THE *WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 391.

For stating that Tsi Hsu "is rouged, pencilled, and massaged on the flat of her back,"

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 392.

For observing, at the New Bailey, that Mary Ann Dearman was "a good wife and a good mother," but that "the same could not be said of her husband,"

SIR CHARLES MATHEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 393.

For stating that, at Cheltenham police-court, "deceased, who was accommodated with a chair in the dock, appeared with a baby in her arms,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *CITIZEN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 394.

For announcing, on September 14, 1907, that "Princess Ena of Battenberg is reported to be engaged to marry the King of Spain," and that "the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is still active mentally and is as keenly interested as ever in the problems of the day,"

THE *BARNET PRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 395.

For stating in a recent case that he "did not desire the Court to be vindictive,"

CHIEF CONSTABLE SPARROW, OF
NOTTINGHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 396.

For giving, under the heading, "What Was Consumed on the Journey" of the "Lusitania," "18,000 pieces of silver, 11,800 knives, 50,000 pieces of crockery,"

THE *SALFORD REPORTER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 397.

For asking a woman who applied for an Exemption Certificate on the ground that one of her children had died from the effects of vaccination "whether the doctor who vaccinated it agreed that that was the cause of death,"

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MALLING BENCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 398.

For describing the cover of JOHN BULL *as a Lottery Ticket,*

THE CITY SOLICITOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 399.

For prosecuting JOHN BULL *and at the same time permitting Limerick competitions and street gambling to flourish unmolested in the City,*

THE CITY COMMISSIONER OF POLICE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

REMOVAL OF "JOHN BULL" OFFICES

To New and Larger Premises.

On Monday next, October 21st, the Offices of "JOHN BULL" will be removed to our New Premises, 67, Long Acre, W.C., where in future all communications must be addressed.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

AN ABORTIVE PROSECUTION.

The City Solicitor's Summonses Dismissed.

The summonses issued at the instance of the City Police authorities charging us with infringement of the Lottery laws in connection with our Weekly Ballot Scheme were heard at the Mansion House Justice Room on Friday last, before Alderman Sir Marcus Samuel, and resulted in an ignominious fiasco—for the City Police!

The defendants were Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., our editor; Messrs. Odhams Limited, printers of the paper; and Mr. J. S. Elias, director and general manager of Odhams Limited. Mr. R. D. Muir prosecuted, Mr. Bottomley conducted his case in person, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., and Mr. W. A. Casson appeared for Messrs. Odhams, and Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., for Mr. Elias. A number of preliminary admissions were made by the defendants on technical points which materially shortened the proceedings.

Mr. Muir said there were in all eighteen summonses, framed under Section 41 of the Gaming Act of 1823, which enacted that "if any person shall publish any proposal or scheme for the sale of tickets or chances in a lottery not authorised by Act of Parliament, such persons shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, and shall be punished as such"; besides the offence of publishing, the summonses also charged the offence of selling tickets or chances in a lottery. Counsel proceeded to read the scheme as set out on the first page of this journal, and the agreement of service required to be entered into by every recipient of a prize. The first action taken by the police was that two officers went, ostensibly as private individuals, and attended a drawing, in accordance with the announcement. The drawing was perfectly fair, and, being fair, Mr. Muir contended, it was decided by absolute chance, *i.e.*, it was decided by the drawing of lots. The Commissioner then wrote to Mr. Bottomley saying that in his opinion the scheme was a lottery, and asking formal permission for an officer to attend at one of the drawings and for a copy of the agreement. Every facility was given, and Inspector Willis attended at the next drawing. Mr. Muir submitted two propositions: one (of fact), that the suggestion that the recipients of the £5 were engaged as canvassers for the purpose of declaring the merits of John Bull was a mere cloak to cover a lottery scheme; secondly (of law), that even if that was the genuine and only intention of those responsible for the scheme it was none the less a lottery. If the paper required canvassers it would not select by lot inexperienced men or women. The sole qualification required of these "canvassers" was that they should have won £5 in a penny lottery. The Alderman would know that every device was being resorted to which ingenious journalism, backed by ingenious law, could contrive to furbish up some scheme which would, in fact, have all the attractions of a lottery and not be subject to its penalties. Journalists knew that nothing sold so well as a lottery, and this scheme was being pushed *qua* lottery, and not *qua* journal at all. The most highly-qualified canvassers in the journalistic world would have no chance against a man who could say to his friends and neighbours: "Look here! I bought this journal last week for a penny, and now I have got £5 in my pocket, and I can do just as little or as much as I like for it." Readers were informed that, if they secured a winning number, and did not care themselves to take the £5, they might pass the number on to anybody they liked; so that the person actually engaged as "canvasser" might be dumb or deaf or bedridden or blind or illiterate. Bill Sikes, fresh out from his latest stretch, was eligible. (Laughter.) Again, the sum paid, £5 for one week, was absolutely extravagant for this class of work, to be done in a man's spare time. The definition of "lottery" that had long been accepted was "a distribution of prizes by lot or chance." Counsel then went exhaustively into the law, citing the cases of Taylor v. Smetton, Barclay v. Pearson ("missing word" case), Hunt v. Williams, Hall v. McWilliams (*Sun* "spots" case), and Willis v. Young and Standridge (*Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* disc case), and submitted that in the present case the defendants should be convicted.

The Prosecution's Witness.

Mr. Walter Samuel Dent, a compositor, of 5, Burgoyne Road, Roman Road, Old Ford, said that he purchased for one penny a copy of John Bull with a distinctive number upon it. In a subsequent issue he found that his "number" was one of the winning numbers of that date, and he went to Red Lion Court and claimed the prize of £5. On the Thursday following he received a letter enclosing cheque for £5, and also a form of agreement, which he duly signed and returned. He also received some specimen copies of the journal and some postcards, which he distributed among his fellow-workmen and neighbours, and to strangers.

Cross-examined by Mr. Bottomley: At Waterlow's, where I am employed, there are, roughly speaking, about a thousand employees. I mentioned that fact when I called to claim my £5, and promised to use my best endeavours to obtain as many new readers as I could among my fellow-workmen. I have no doubt that my efforts greatly added to the sale of John Bull amongst my fellow-workmen. I also distributed copies of the paper to my neighbours. I should say that I made thirty or forty calls at different houses for the purpose. The postcards I gave to people I met in the street and elsewhere. My own opinion is that I well earned the £5 paid to me.

Mr. Bottomley: Don't be alarmed, but do you think you have done anything to entitle you to be called "a rogue and a vagabond"? (Laughter.)

The Witness: I do not.

To Mr. Gill: When I claimed the £5 I well understood that I should be expected to work for the paper when I got the money.

The Alderman: Have you received a suit of clothes?

Witness: Oh, yes.

Mr. F. E. Smith: Have you got it on now?

Witness: Part of it. I would have brought it if I had thought you wanted it. (Laughter.) It is a very good one.

The Police Evidence.

Detective Inspector Willis: On August 16th I went with Sergt. Maclean to Messrs. Odhams' premises in Long Acre, and there saw Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Elias. On a table there were five small wooden bowls, each having a cloth cover, the bowls being numbered 1 to 5. Mr. Elias explained the method of drawing in this way: "We have five bowls, each of which contains three complete sets of numbers, 0 to 9, with the exception of No. 2 bowl, which does not contain any figure higher than 7, owing to the second figure in the series being a 7." Mr. Elias then took up the No. 1 bowl and shook it, and Mr. Bottomley took a disc from it and called out a number, which was written down. This process went on until the ten numbers were drawn. Mr. Bottomley then said, "Those are the ten numbers which will appear in our issue of Thursday next."

To Mr. Bottomley: There is no doubt the numbers were fairly drawn. I have interviewed altogether three or four of the canvassers (prize-winners). The police have had their attention called generally to this matter, but no complaint has been received from anyone alleging that he was entitled to one of these numbers and failed to receive it.

To Mr. Gill: From what I saw, I am firmly of opinion that the drawing was conducted in a perfectly fair manner.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Bottomley's Speech.

Mr. Bottomley suggested at the outset that these proceedings had been embarked upon under some total misconception, both of fact and of law—unless, indeed, the City Police, being so pressed of late as to the extent to which gambling of certain kinds was going on within their jurisdiction, had chosen this particular scheme, by accident or design, with the idea of riding for a fall, and thus doing something to appease the public conscience and cover their remissness in other directions. As to the propositions of law put forward by Mr. Muir, he submitted that a legal argument more removed from the real issue had never been addressed to any Court. He did not dispute that, if this scheme was a lottery, the purchase of the paper included the purchase of the chance. He did not dispute Mr. Muir's definition of "lottery"—"the distribution of prizes by lot or chance," subject, however, to this addition, "provided there be no element of skill or of work." Here the element of "skill" hardly came in; but he submitted that there was a bonâ fide element of work. Mr. Muir contended that, even with that element, this was a lottery, but none of the cases he had cited supported that contention. Mr. Bottomley submitted with confidence that nothing could be found in any reported case or in any Act of Parliament which went the length of saying that the proprietors of a newspaper who thought it worth while to engage honestly a number of persons among their readers to canvass for their paper, and gave them £5 a week for that service, were precluded from selecting such canvassers by ballot or any other process they chose. This was the first case that had been before the Courts in which the test had been work done in return for money paid. There was, however, ample *obiter dicta* to support his contention. He referred to Dent's evidence as showing that in the one case selected by the prosecution, he had shown out of the mouth of their own witness that work, and very excellent work, had been done for the paper in return for

the £5 paid. Here was a relatively new journal, and everybody knew that upon new journals considerable sums were required to be spent in advertising and popularising them. The proprietors of this journal say, "Amongst our advertising schemes, if we can get a number of canvassers every week who are, rightly or wrongly, imbued with the merits and advantages of the paper, it will be worth our while to pay an average of £5 for a week's work; these canvassers are best found among those who are actual readers; we cannot employ them all; we will make a selection by the method of placing distinctive numbers on each copy printed, and draw weekly some of those numbers, and in that way identify the particular readers who shall be appointed canvassers." Could it be said that such a scheme, honestly conceived and honestly carried out, came within the purview of the Lottery Acts? After all, the law recognised legitimate drawings of many kinds in our every-day life; in the House of Commons there was balloting among private members for priority in the introduction of Bills; clerks in solicitors' offices drew as to in which particular Chancery Judge's Court writs should be issued; members of the Bar drew for seats to witness processions; companies drew for the redemption of bonds, and so forth. Mr. Muir urged that there was no qualification required in the canvasser. But the proprietors were the best judges of that. Mr. Muir was not in a position to give evidence on the point. First, the canvasser must be a reader.

The ALDERMAN: He must be a purchaser, but he need not be a reader at all?

Mr. BOTTOMLEY replied that unless a purchaser read the paper he would know nothing about the scheme. And he entered into a binding written contract to do certain work—to distribute specimen papers and post-cards, and so on. If he simply took the £5 and threw the specimens, etc., into the dust heap, he could be sued for the recovery of the £5, and would probably be liable to other and more serious proceedings. It was the contractual liability entered into by the recipient of the £5 with the proprietors of JOHN BULL that differentiated this case from those that had been cited. Not one of those cases applied. The learned counsel might just as well have cited the Tichborne Case. (Laughter.) Wherever there was skill or labour, there was no "prize," no lottery. Let Mr. Muir produce authority to controvert that proposition. Mr. Muir suggested that even Bill Sikes might become a canvasser for JOHN BULL; that was not at all impossible—probably that honest means of livelihood would be recommended to him by the Society for the Reformation of Prisoners (laughter); he (Mr. Bottomley) would not in the least object to paying £5 to a large number of Bill Sikes (laughter); in addition to increasing the circulation of JOHN BULL, it would be doing a great public service in the introduction of wholesome and elevating literature among that section of the community. (Laughter.) At any rate, these were matters beyond the purview of this court. The paper made a binding contract of service with every one of these recipients, and took every possible step to see that the work stipulated for was really done, and to check the reports of the canvassers. Mr. Bottomley concluded by submitting that no case had been made out, and suggested that the City Police, instead of attacking a perfectly bonâ fide and harmless scheme, would be far better occupied in attending to other forms of gambling that admittedly went on in the City of London.

Mr. Bottomley's speech was greeted with some cheering in Court.

MR. GILL'S SPEECH.

Mr. GILL addressed the Alderman on behalf of Messrs. Odhams. He ventured to say that the summonses issued against the printers of JOHN BULL were absolutely unnecessary, because it had been known to the City Police all along that Mr. Bottomley, in the most unqualified way, accepted full responsibility for the scheme attacked. Mr. Bottomley was a gentleman with an identity; in matters connected with this paper, or anything else, he had never concealed this identity or his responsibility. If reference was made to the preamble of the Act of 1823, it would be seen that it was intended first to prevent any interference with State lotteries, and secondly to prevent gambling. The tendency had been to put a wide construction upon enactments of this class, from the desire to prevent the spirit of gambling; but it was preposterous to attempt to apply the Lottery Act to a case of this kind. Here there had been no selling of tickets in a lottery, or publication of a proposal for a lottery. The lottery aimed at by the statute was one in which neither skill nor work was involved, but pure chance prevailed. In this case there was a contractual relationship between the proprietors of the paper and the person employed, and the fact that selection of the employees was made by ballot could not render the transaction of employment a lottery. The scheme was stated by Mr. Bottomley in the amplest and clearest language on the face of the paper. Proprietors of a journal were entitled to advertise their wares in any form they considered desirable, so that it was within the law. What was there to prevent JOHN BULL choosing its canvassers from its own readers? Why should not the selection from amongst the readers be made by a perfectly honest draw? Why should not the proprietors pay the selected readers £5 if they thought it worth their while so to do? In the case selected by the prosecution, the witness Dent had proved that the proprietors got from him the work for which he had been paid his £5, and evidence of that class could have been multiplied indefinitely.

The ALDERMAN: But a canvasser would never succeed if he were not able to say to intending purchasers, "Look here, by buying this paper for a penny you have got a chance of making £5."

Mr. GILL: That is no necessary part of his work; it is not what he is employed to do.

The ALDERMAN: Human nature being what it is, don't you think that that is inevitable?

Mr. GILL: We have no evidence about it. If you would care to hear evidence as to what the canvassers actually did, I can call several of them before you.

The ALDERMAN: We will leave it open for the present.

MR. F. E. SMITH'S SPEECH.

Mr. F. E. SMITH followed on behalf of Mr. Elias. He associated himself with Mr. Gill in complaining of the wantonly unnecessary course taken by the prosecution in proceeding against anybody but Mr. Bottomley, who, it was well known, had throughout taken the fullest responsibility. As to the merits, the case for the prosecution was that this was a mere colourable scheme; the only witness called on this point conclusively established that actual work was done for the £5 paid. It was shown that there was an element of labour, and where the element of labour or that of skill existed there was no "lottery." Take the case of the "Limerick" competitions, now so much before the public; it must be presumed, as the police had taken no steps to put a stop to those competitions, that they were advised that in addition to the element of chance there was that of skill.. Similarly, there was here the element of labour, and either skill or labour was sufficient to take the scheme outside the Act. The aim of the Act was to deal with chance, and chance alone; on the question of fact, this case had completely broken down, because it had been shown that there was bonâ fide employment of those to whom money was paid —not mere colourable employment, but employment upon commercial principles, with obligations enforceable under a written contract.

Mr. MUIR, in reply, said that Mr. Bottomley had referred to decisions to the effect that the element of work took a scheme outside the Act——

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: No; I said that this was the first case of the kind; but I pointed out that in cases in which the element of skill had been relied upon, the judges had repeatedly said, "Show us where is any element of skill or of work"; that observation was made more than once by Mr. Justice Bigham in the *Sun* "Spots" case.

Mr. MUIR: Anyhow, it cannot be contended that any work is done in respect of the suit of clothes, which is part of the prize. Besides, the element of labour, if it exists at all, is only brought in after the lot has been drawn, and is simply added to evade the Act.

THE ALDERMAN'S DECISION.

Sir MARCUS SAMUEL: I propose to deal with this case under Section 16 of the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879. I think that the charge is proved, but the offence in each particular case is of so trifling a nature that it is inexpedient to inflict any punishment. I therefore dismiss the Informations, but I order each of the persons charged, on the first summons only, to pay £5 5s. costs.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: May I ask you, sir, being simply a poor unenlightened layman—(laughter)—whether you hold that this scheme is illegal?

The ALDERMAN: I am not obliged to pronounce any opinion upon it.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: Then we shall proceed. (Laughter.)

REMOVAL OF "JOHN BULL" OFFICES

To New and Larger Premises.

On Monday next, October 21st, the Offices of "JOHN BULL" will be removed to our New Premises, 67, Long Acre, W.C., where in future all communications must be addressed.

IN THE CITY.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION, LTD.

We have received the following letter from Mr. L. G. Rudler :—

"A correspondent in your issue of Oct. 5 deals with Messrs. Davis and Co.'s report as apparently put forward by the Managing Director of the British Natural Premium Association as a satisfactory reply to the criticism appearing in your issue of August 24th.

Permit me to send to you herewith a copy of the Association's *actual reply to the criticism*, and which is signed by the Association's Managing Director.

For the information and satisfaction of all concerned I think you will feel the circumstances of the case justify you in being so generous as to find space in your valuable columns for its insertion."

The communication from the Managing Director of the Association to which Mr. Rudler refers is as follows :—

I think you are only a policy-holder, and therefore interested only in the Life Fund Account.

The Revenue Accounts are clearly shown in the Balance Sheets.

The following are the Revenue Accounts :—

1. Policyholders Accounts.
   (*a*) Life Assurance Fund.
   (*b*) Tontine Investment Fund.
   (*c*) Special Guarantee Fund.
2. Industrial Life and Sick Benefit Fund.
3. Shareholders Account, which includes the foregoing Funds and Expenses Fund.

In reference to the item £4,042, Agents' Balances, this is clearly shown in the Balance Sheet for 1906, and was debited to "Establishment of Business" account or "Goodwill." This consisted of balances due from Agents year by year, of advances made to them from time to time, already paid and provided for out of the Expenses Fund year by year, and no cash was required to provide for this loss from any Fund.

As to the item of £4,393 (General Manager's Commission in dispute), the amounts that have been already paid have been charged in the Shareholders Accounts each year under the following heads :—

Commission. Ordinary Branch.
Commission and New Business Fees. Industrial.

The cash to meet these items, if necessary, will be found from the Expenses Fund, or we may have to receive a considerable amount back, which would go into the same Fund.

It is incorrect to speak of the 8s. as a "levy." Each policyholder pays an annual premium, which represents the cost of the yearly Insurance, and a "Contribution" of 8s. per £100 Insurance towards Expenses of Management. The latter sum cannot be increased, and should the expenses each year exceed the fixed "Contributions" payable by the Policyholders, the loss is borne solely by the Association or Shareholders, the Policyholders having no interest or liability in the Expenses Fund.

The printed Balance Sheets show the following amounts have been paid towards the Expenses Fund for the last five years :—

1902	£7,639
1903	8,778
1904	7,406
1905	7,668
1906	8,291
	£39,787

The Expenses Fund consists of :—

(A) The above amount as Contributions from Policyholders.
(B) The Premiums from Industrial Branch.
(C) Registration and Assignment Fees.
(D) Cash received on Account of Shares.

Out of this Fund the working expenses are or will be paid.

It is not true a "levy" of 25 per cent. was made upon the Policyholders in 1906. Policyholders were given the option of paying an extra premium to provide a Guarantee Fund, out of which Fund, if in the future their premiums were increased, their proportion would be paid.

A large number of Policyholders exercised this option, and paid in 1906 £1,278. This sum is shown separately in the Accounts as Special Guarantee Fund, which you have entirely omitted in your statement. If your statements as to a levy of 25 per cent. had been correct, instead of £1,278 there would have been shown £6,170, and this would have left a balance to the Life Fund after meeting the mortality.

In reply to your observations on the Life Fund, the following Account has been compiled from the printed Balance Sheets :—

Income from January 1st, 1900, to December 31st, 1906.

Fund at 1st January, 1900	£84,133 14 4
Premiums received	183,163 14 10
Interest received	12,803 11 4
	£280,101 0 6

Expenditure from 1st January, 1900, to 31st December, 1906.

Claims paid	£208,279 1 6
Surplus distribution to Policyholders	3,926 5 5
Loss on realisation of Investments	6,636 3 10
Trustees fees	2,012 10 0
Sundry legal and other expenses chargeable to Trustees	9,901 4 5
Total	£230,755 5 2
Funds at end of 1906	49,345 15 4
Making a total of	£280,101 0 6
Amount of Funds January 1st, 1900	£84,133 14 4
Amount of Funds December 31st, 1906	49,345 15 4
Shrinkage in 7 years	£34,787 19 0

(A) It will be noticed that the shrinkage difference is £34,787 19s. 0d. and not £30,232 as stated in your letter.

(B) The printed Accounts show clearly the cause of this shrinkage, and to which account monies have been placed.

The £7,000 was borrowed in 1904 by the Trustees instead of selling Stock, and used by them to meet the deficiency for that year :—

The claims and expenses that year amounted to (see printed Accounts)	£34,310 9 1
Premiums and interest	25,891 4 5
Deficiency for the year ..	£8,419 4 8

The interest on the loan of £7,000 has been paid by the Expenses Fund, and the interest on the £10,804 stock has been paid to the Life Fund, so that the Policyholders have suffered no loss in any way by these transactions.

You have made an error in your figures of Loss on Claims over premiums as £21,533—for as shown by the Balance Sheet and your own Statement it is only £12,437 in the seven years. But these figures are not correct, as the Expenditure exceeded the Income during the seven years by £34,787 as stated before.

I think if you ask any Banker or Stockbroker, he will tell you that 15 per cent. is a very small loss on gilt-edged securities at the present time. Had it been invested in Consols, the shrinkage would have been 25 per cent. or over, and neither the Association nor Trustees can be held responsible for loss or depreciation, over which they have no control.

The amount due from the Expenses Fund to the credit of the Life Fund is clearly shown on the Balance Sheet as a debt owing to the Life Fund by the Association, and will be paid by Cash received on account of Shares and Income from Expenses Fund.

There has never been shown in the Balance Sheet the amount of claims (if any) outstanding on December 31st, and on the other hand no account of arrears of premiums due on the same date has been taken into consideration as an asset.

The question of the 8s. per cent. paid to the Expenses Fund by Policyholders is clearly shown in the Balance Sheet in the Shareholders Account, as Contributions by the Policyholders, and does not concern the Policyholders in any way.

For your information I give you a correct statement, and trust it will enable you to understand the items in the Balance Sheet more clearly :—

Expenses Fund.

Income and Expenditure for the year 1906 as shown in Shareholders Account.

Expenditure.

Expenses of Management	£17,699 19 10
Depreciation of Furniture	127 13 7
Interest on Debentures	1,192 19 0
Commission, Ordinary Branch	2,047 9 3
Commission and New Business Fees :—	
Industrial	9,029 16 1
Do. Sick Benefit	30 13 5
Claims paid : Industrial Branch	14,662 9 10
Do. Sick Benefit	289 1 1
Total	£45,080 2 1

Income.

Premiums : Industrial Branch	£29,848 17 6
Do. Sick Benefit	363 12 2
Policyholders Ordinary Branch :—	
Contributions to Expenses	8,291 16 10
Transfer and Assignment Fees	16 10 10
Interest	24 15 11
	£38,545 13 3
"Balance" charged to "Establishment of Business" Account	6,534 8 10
Total	£45,080 2 1

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HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 867 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Telegraphic Address: "Stockwork," London.—Advt

SHAMS.—£5 in Gold for £1.

Under this title, on page 353 of our last issue, we directed attention to two circulars, one purporting to be from Messrs. T. Lewis and Co., wholesale and retail jewellers, of 69, Market Street, Manchester, the other from the United Jewellers, Limited, wholesale and retail jewellers, 188, Great Clowes Street, Manchester; and we said that these circulars—both touting productions—promising £5 for £1 appeared to be issued by one and the same firm, as they were identical in language, the colour of the paper being the only difference.

We have since received the following letter from the United Jewellers, Limited, of 188, Great Clowes Street, Manchester:—

> We wish to disclaim any connection whatever with the firm calling themselves T. Lewis and Co., and also wish to point out that our firm is a registered Company.
>
> As it is evident that the circular of Lewis and Co. is an infringement of ours, we should deem it a favour if you will kindly send same on to us for our perusal, which we promise to return.

We are not able to comply with the request of the United Jewellers, Limited, to send them the circular of Messrs. Lewis and Co., as with their own, it has gone to the dust heap. Upon this subject we have received the following letter from a Manchester correspondent:—

> My warehouse happening to be one minute walk from the Market Street address I went round "to have a look." The number is 69a, not 69. 69 is the well-known large chemists "Woolley," but 69a is a narrow doorway by the side. Up narrow stairs and on the first floor is T. Lewis and Co.'s room—a poor, dirty looking place—the whole aspect being poor and dismal. They have no designation on the door, nor is there any external indication as to the nature of their business.

The report of Crisp and Company, Limited, for the past financial year will be pleasanter reading to the shareholders of that company than reports have been in recent years. True, there is again a deficit on profit and loss, but the directors believe that "the complete re-establishment of the public confidence will be satisfactorily accomplished in the near future," and the figures show a substantial increase in the volume of business transacted. And whilst trade has improved, management expenses have been stationary. The trading profit amounts to £1,300, as compared with a loss of £100 in 1905-6, the net deficit carried to the balance-sheet being £1,700, as against £2,900. There is still much leeway to make up, but the directors seem to be going the right way to work to bring the company again into the dividend-paying list.

There was nothing said at the general meeting of Kent Collieries, Limited, to make any investor regret that he is not interested in the company which, in different guises, has been drawing upon the public credulity for so many years. As to the uncalled capital being sufficient to complete the works, Mr. Fells could only say: "I think that with reasonable luck it will be sufficient." But then, as he hastened to add, the company "has not had reasonable luck so far." As to how soon the coal can be worked on a large scale, "it is impossible for anybody to say." Well, that is honest, anyway, and an improvement on the earlier days when the official statements had little relation to the facts.

It is not surprising that the leading cycle companies have practically decided to discontinue the payment by instalment system. The wonder is that they ever embarked upon it to the extent they have done. Credit has been given recklessly, with the inevitable result of failure to keep up payments, and heavy losses to the companies concerned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOINT STOCK TRUST AND FINANCE CORPORATION.—We have to thank numerous readers for letters of encouragement and expressions of confidence in relation to this matter. We hail the public examination with keen delight.

"MARGINAL INVESTMENT."—"MARGIN" (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with any of the shares. Close the account and cut your loss, and eschew in future all these so-called royal roads to fortune.

THE WYE VALLEY GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—S. W. (Wimbledon).—We do not advise the purchase. J. E. (Aberdeen).—No. L. E. D. (Hove).—Ditto.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—E. C. W. (Cardiff).—We do not think this institution a suitable one for your savings. H. B. (Edinburgh).—See previous answer.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—ANOTHER JOHN BULL (Bethlehem, S. Wales.—We do not know how you are to prevent these people from sending you their circulars if they persist in doing so after your repeated requests to them to cease doing so.

THE NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL COACH COMPANY.—W. McL. (Hove).—We are obliged by your letter and the circulars you send us. The Directors have a good deal to explain.

THE WESTBOURNE PARK BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. J. (Watford).—Yes, we think so. We have no information as to the other society you name.

GENUINENESS OF LOTTERIES.—S. S. (Sevenoaks).—The Hamburg lotteries are "genuine" enough in a sense, but you would be foolish to send money to Valentine and Co. The prizes seldom come this way. LOTTERY (Ashford).—See previous answer.

STANDING OF SOCIETIES.—D. F. (Newport).—Nos. 2 and 3 upon your list are financially strong.

VARIOUS MINING SHARES.—FIVER (Newport).—All very speculative. The last on your list is the best of the lot.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSIONS TRUST.—J. B. (Ultima Thule).—Have nothing to do with it.

THE "MARGINAL" SYSTEM.—W. A. (Jarrow-on-Tyne).—We have no space for the explanation you ask for. Better be content with the assurance that those who risk their savings in this or any similar "system" are very foolish.

THE INDIAN AND GENERAL INVESTMENT TRUST.—H. G. H. (Peckham Rye).—The answer is in the negative.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—H. H. T. (Birmingham).—We have given the reasons for our opinion a score of times.

VARIOUS SECURITIES.—H. M. (Hastings).—We think your relative's judgment sound. The list of investments is an excellent one, and will be difficult to better from the point of view of security.

SPURGEON'S MEMORIAL FUND.—SOLIDITY (Clapham Common).—Although there has been a very close connection between the controllers of this fund and the author of the National Old Age Pensions Trust, there is, as we understand, none whatever now. You should have nothing to do with the National Old Age Pensions Trust. M.D. (Brighton).—We have your letter blaming us in language that is not quite courteous for warning such of our readers as are interested in the matter against the Trust. We do so because Mr. Taverner is pushing a scheme which is actuarially unsound, and which he must know to be unsound if he pays any attention to the considered opinion of one of the most eminent of living and practising actuaries.

BALHAM AND TOOTING LOAN SOCIETY.—L. R. C. (Camberwell).—We have read your letter with much pleasure, and are glad to know that the matter is settled, and that the secretary is doing what he can to put things straight. After all, he must be a good sort of fellow, eh?

CITY OF PARIS BOND.—G. O. H. (Wallasey).—We do not think the Municipality would supply the list you want, but we will make inquiry.

VANCOUVER COPPER.—J. B. S. (Ilford).—None.

BRITISH HOMES SCHEME.—H. J. H. (Harlesden).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so. The Company is quite "genuine."

INVESTMENT OF £100.—WOULD-BE SAFE INVESTOR (Penrith).—As you seem to be exceptionally anxious about security, we should put it into the Penrith Council Stock. That should be safe enough.

PREMIUM BOND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—A. J. B. (Liverpool).—We regret we can be of no assistance to you in finding a buyer.

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—A. G. H. (Fulham).—The answer is in the negative.

NORTHERN COPPERS.—J D. (Watford).—We not only think it would be "as well," we think it would be a good deal better if you left these shares alone.

RETURN UPON DEBENTURE.—G. S. (Folkestone).—Yes, it is possible. The Six per Cent. First Charge Debenture Stock of the Dunderland Iron Ore Company, Limited, at its present price, say, £75 10s., would give you a trifle over 8 per cent. Of course, the Company is in an experimental stage, but it has a very strong Board, and though it may be some time yet before the Company can be brought to a successful paying basis, and it is not absolutely certain that it ever will be so brought, and although the Directors propose to increase the borrowing powers from the present limit of £500,000 to £1,000,000, we know of no debenture giving an 8 per cent. yield better worth the consideration of investors willing to take a certain measure of risk.

BRITISH WIDOWS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. W. M. (Acton).—(1) We never recommend dealings with Assurance Companies worked on the lines you name. (2) We should prefer another selection.

BRITISH COALITE, LIMITED.—G. A. S. (Barry).—The shares represent a very speculative purchase. It is impossible to say at present whether the estimates of the prospectus will be realised or not. We think you had better hold the shares for the present, and not join the committee to which you refer. We do not see what good it can do.

TAKING UP SHARES.—J. D. (Ayrshire).—We do not quite understand your question. If you cannot take up the shares, you must sell and pay the difference.

LODEN VALLEY.—K. (Hanswell).—It is impossible to answer your question as to profits. There are experts who have a strong belief in the future of the Company, if it has capital enough to see it through, but there are others who hold that the subscription of more capital would be throwing good money after bad.

NORTHERN COPPER.—J. D. (Watford).—We think it would be much better if you left them alone.

NATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—J. T. R. (Sheffield).—You had better pay the balance you owe these people. £15 10s. is about the market value of what you have given £22 for.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—WOULD-BE SAFE INVESTOR (Cumberland).—Your list is a queer mixture, and we cannot advise you to purchase any of the stocks you name unless it be that of the District Council.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—BRUM (Birmingham).—We could not answer your question without seeing the contract, but under the circumstances we think it might be better to accept the £140. A READER (Camilla Road).—(1) This Association is financially strong, and will, we have no doubt, meet its obligations. (2) Have nothing to do with the National Old Age Pension Trust. W. H. (Sunderland).—We regret that we cannot help you to dispose of your £300 certificate, upon which you have paid £22 2s. Perhaps some reader will make an offer. We note you would take "a small price."

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. G. H. (Fulham Road).—We do not advise dealings with any of these outside people. VIDEX (Stoke-on-Trent).—Your friend is quite right. Have nothing to do with these people. T. B. (Stoke-on-Trent).—Your friend is quite right. We have advised our readers not to have dealings with these people.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

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Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

How to Write Plays.

The average dramatist takes himself only less seriously than the average actor, and I admit that two or three of our dramatists would be justified in taking themselves more seriously than all but one or two of our actors. As a fact, the two or three dramatists I have in my mind possess that unusual quality in dramatists known as a sense of humour. I only know one actor who can afford this luxury; if his fellows had it few of them would continue to call themselves actors at all. I bought a book some time ago, published at many shillings, but valued rightly by a discerning bookseller at twopence; and a bad seller at that. It was called "How to Act," and it contained the views of a lot of well-known gentlemen (who act badly) on the art of acting well. It was very entertaining, and o' nights, when I am too tired to think and only want to laugh very much, I read it.

The Comedy-Maker at Work.

Less funny, but still quaint enough, is the *Strand Magazine* symposium on how to write plays, or, rather, "How a Play is Written." They are all here, these people who are so adept at making plays and equally skilled in causing the judicious to grieve. Their methods differ slightly. Once upon a time I was on visiting terms with an American dramatist who had a flat in London. For a long while I was puzzled by this man of genius. If one dropped in upon him unawares, there would be a rare scuffling and scuttling as one entered his study. On a certain day I caught a glimpse of my friend hastily pinning together hundreds of tiny slips of newspaper which lay in tiny piles on his hearthrug. "What the deuce were you doing, Shakespeare," I asked, "with those press cuttings when I came up?" He smiled knowingly. "They're my next 'new and original comedy,'" he said; "jokes and japes from the comic journals of the period which will go to the building of 'Mr. Shakespeare's characteristically diverting play.'" He chuckled. "I collect a few thousand of these day by day," he went on, "and when I've got enough and mapped out my comedy in the rough, I sort the 'sparkling dialogue' more or less according to type, pin it into these little bundles, and paste it up. Then I reduce to fit, and—well, there you are! Play-making up-to-date." It was my turn to smile knowingly, and to chuckle; and I did so.

The Giants of the Game.

Of course, the giants of the game vary the process. Mr. Jones, for instance—the failure of whose drama, "The Hypocrites," in London may lead him to wonder whether he has yet found the only way—says that he gets a plot first—where, he does not say. Then he writes out a scenario. After this comes a list of characters. Then names are given to the latter. And so off to the country go Mr. Jones and the play-that-is-to-be, and wrestle with one another until Mr. Jones proves victorious. The reader may complain that Mr. Jones leaves too much to the imagination of the would-be dramatist. I agree; and that, no doubt, was Mr. Jones' intention. So with Mr. Pinero. As he goes about the world he jots down possible subjects, titles, and lines of treatment. Starting with a theme, he bases a story and characters thereon. These latter arise (so he says) naturally out of the story; and Mr. Pinero's aim is "the development of character" in this way—"the highest achievement of the dramatist." Who shall say Mr. Pinero nay in these charming truisms of his? Still, I confess that they do not give me the lead that I feel is needful if ever I am to write a dramatic masterpiece. The uncertainty of the result, too, of labour in the field of drama gives one pause. "The Gay Lord Quex" took Mr. Pinero six months to write; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," nine months; and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," fifteen months.

On Parle Francaise.

Mr. Sydney Grundy declares that "if one has a good story to tell, the characters will arise naturally out of it." That, I should have thought, would depend; but, if it be so, indeed, then Mr. Grundy's plays must be easy work. For he borrows most of the stories ready-made from the French, and the "characterisation" is merely a matter of adaptation. For myself, although I admit that Mr. Louis N. Parker is a smaller dramatist than either Mr. Jones or Mr. Pinero, I like his method best. It seems to me, theoretically, the more likely to produce the finest plays, although it may not produce the most profitable plays. "The ideal way," he says, "is to think out a central character and then let it develop as it will." Mr. R. C. Carton is almost equally instructive to beginners in the art of competing with him and his favoured fellows. And now all my readers who want to make fame and fortune as dramatists have only to write their plays according to these few plain and simple rules, and—get them accepted. I am asked often what is the royal road in these matters? There isn't one. The only thing for budding playwrights who do not know a theatre manager personally (or members of his *entourage*) is to spend their Limerick money on postage stamps and to bombard the managerial offices with their wares.

Are Plays Read?

Foolish persons will tell them that their works are not read by managers; and certainly, in the majority of cases, they are not read "right through." Perhaps here and there a manager's reader is an ass, or lazy and unenterprising. But a new play of merit, and suited to the needs of the special house, may mean thousands of pounds profit to the manager finding it; and never was the search for talent keener than to-day. Plays, packed properly and with stamps for return if unsuitable, may be sent safely to any leading West End management; they may not be read at once or accepted at once if read. But the best managers are throwing away no chances, the play-market is not cornered, and the financial reward for a successful play may represent ten years' income of an especially successful philosopher. Only one or two dramatists make half so much as Mr. Harry Lauder; but a score of them achieve incomes double as large as that of the editor of the *Times*.

The Censor Rampant.

As I write, there is a report that the Censor may prohibit the presentation of Mr. Granville Barker's new play, "Waste"; and whether he do so or not, we are evidently in for another of those periods of protest against Mr. Redford and his office as Reader of Plays, of which I remember more than one in the past ten years. I do not for a moment believe that the agitation for the abolition of the Censorship or the transfer of its powers to the L.C.C. will succeed. Because I do not believe the general public cares a hang about the matter; and the protesting element consists chiefly of chirping "Intellectuals" of a sort in whom the populace takes small stock. The Censorship, as it exists, is indefensible; it would be equally so if exercised by the L.C.C. and probably less judicial. Instituted originally as a political weapon against the free expression of opinion, it has become latterly a philistine weapon against the free expression of dramatic art. No human being is really fit to censor the work of all other human beings; the anomaly invites oppression and puts a premium on hypocrisy.

Printed Plays.

If the Censor (who serves only the King) should refuse to license a play, the author can print it and sell it at a price within the reach of all, to any who may care to buy. Admitting that the co-operative production of a play, performed before a crowd of people, may have a different effect, I am not sure that the effect would be worse than that resulting on a private, a secret, perusal of the same play. If a book is indecent the police may lock up the author and the publisher. So it should be with plays. Mr. Edward Garnett wrote a drama and Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, is prepared to spend a large sum of money on staging it. The Censor says "No." Thereupon Mr. Garnett gets Mr. Duckworth to publish the play as a book, just as Mr. Shaw got Mr. Grant Richards to publish "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Mr. Garnett loses the pleasure of seeing his play performed; he loses also a certain amount of cash. The adult public is allowed to buy the play and take it home and leave it about for the children to read; but it must not see this same play played—because (tell it not at Vine Street, whisper it not in the green-room of the Lyceum) there is a lady in it who fears that her condition is "interesting." Really it is rather tragi-comic that Mr. Garnett's play should be turned down whilst "The Christian," "The Incubus," and "Irene Wycherley" are allowed.

P.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic John Bull postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

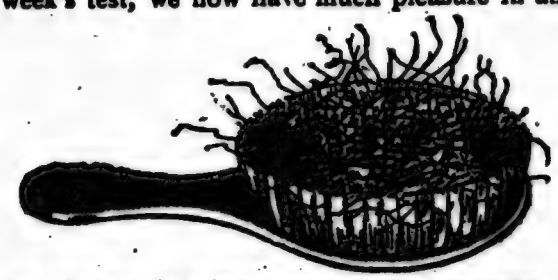
REMARKABLE RESULTS OF "HAIR DRILL."

READERS' REPORTS "HIGHLY SATISFACTORY."

ANOTHER WEEK'S TEST FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

Recently readers of JOHN BULL were invited to take part in a week's test of "hair drill." Several thousands did so, with results highly satisfactory to themselves.

As so many have repeatedly written asking if there is to be another week's test, we now have much pleasure in announcing



A most annoying circumstance in the daily toilet of many thousands of men and women.

the completion of the necessary arrangements for another week's free "hair drill."

WHAT THE DRILL WILL PROVE.

1. That your hair can be drilled into fine condition.
2. That your hair need not be too brittle or too limp.
3. That it need not be too highly coloured or colourless.
4. That it need not fall out when brushed or combed.
5. That it certainly need not be scurfy, or greasy, or odorous.

Reference to the accompanying illustrations will show the correct manner of applying "Harlene" to the scalp and the roots of the hair. Every part of the scalp should be treated in this way.

At first it might be found that this causes some of the hair to come away from the scalp. These loose hairs, however, are only such as come away in any case, and it is part of the cure to get rid of them. Just as a wise commander would weed out the weak and unfit from any undertaking calling for strength and fitness, so must the scalp be freed from the hair already dead or dying, in order that there may be healthy conditions for the growth of new and stronger hair.

Messrs. Edwards' long experience, during which they have been of service to Royal and other distinguished personages, entitles their recommendations to the utmost respect. Further, the results of the first week's "hair drill," as undertaken by many thousands of readers, only prove how well founded, and how absolutely reliable, is their expert advice on true hair culture.

Readers desirous of having proved to them the possibilities of hair cultivation under proper conditions are invited to fill up and send in the following application form, on receipt of which Messrs. Edwards will immediately despatch their interesting booklet on hair drill, full directions, and the necessary supply of "Harlene" (or all chemists will supply the latter in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.).

One of the Methods employed in "Drilling" the Hair. This New System is fully explained in the Free Booklet "Hair Drill," which all readers are invited to apply for at once.

The test was originally arranged for the express purpose of demonstrating that the hair can be "drilled" or trained to grow, as regards both quantity and quality. It was intended to show that, while the hair may—as it does—suffer severely from neglect or improper treatment, it is equally capable of resultful cultivation under certain conditions. That the conditions supplied in the first week's test of hair drill were the right ones has now been amply proved, to the satisfaction of thousands.

Hair that was weak and thin is now strong and plentiful.

Hair that was falling now "stands its ground" under the most vigorous brushing and comb-pulling.

Hair that was colourless and faded is now iridescent with shimmering shades of richness.

Hair that was brittle, non-elastic, is now as lissome as strong and healthy hair should be.

Certainly the results of the first week's test should encourage all those of our readers who did not take it up then to now do so without delay.

The arrangements made for the present one week's trial of "hair drill" provide everything necessary at the nominal cost of 3d. in stamps, which small amount merely covers the cost of posting the necessary preparation, namely, Edwards' famous "Harlene for the Hair." The quantity will be found sufficient for one week's drill treatment of the hair.

Here it may be pointed out that while "Harlene" is undoubtedly the best dressing for the hair itself, it is in every case of hair weakness, or baldness, recommended that it be well rubbed into the scalp itself.

The scalp must be conditioned before one may expect healthy hair growth, just as the soil in the garden must be prepared if one is to expect fine flowers. The crop is the result of conditions whether the crop be hair or flowers.

Therefore, the originators of the world-renowned hair-growing and beautifying preparation known as "Edwards' Harlene," bespeak proper attention to the conditions for the successful conduct of the present week's test of "hair drill."

In conclusion, it may be added that no greater mistake can be made than resorting to internal remedies, which will only

A typical Case where a short course of "Hair Drill" will prove beneficial.

disorganise and ruin the constitution, or by using cheap, worthless remedies which will only aggravate hair unhealthiness.

"JOHN BULL" Form of Application.

(SECOND WEEK'S FREE HAIR DRILL TEST.)

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-6, High Holborn, London.

Dear Sirs—Please send me Book'et, directions and supply of Harlene for Second Week's "Hair Drill" Test. I enclose three penny stamps for carriage. If called for no charge is made.

NAME .....

[*CUT THIS OUT.*]

ADDRESS .....

.....

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To His Imperial and Royal Majesty Francis Joseph, etc.

Sire,—As I cannot remember your thousand and one titles, I hope you will excuse my summarising them in this way. I am dropping you a line to say how sorry I am to hear of your illness, which sounds to me dangerously like the beginning of the end. I do not quite know how or why you arouse my sympathy. It is probably because you have had such shocking bad luck. The tragic deaths of your wife and son, the national misfortunes of your reign, and the endless difficulties which have beset you, arouse some indulgence towards your faults. These, however, have been by no means few. You have proved yourself a master of intrigue, and some of your intrigues have really been very low down indeed.

When the secret history of your reign comes to be written, I should not be surprised if you appeared to the world almost as a mediæval monster. All the same, I am sorry to think that you are going. Bad as the past has been, and dismal as the present is, the outlook seems still worse. Very little is known about the man who is to succeed you, and that little is not greatly to his credit. The stories about his boyhood are too horrible, and he is certainly not the man to keep your Empire together. And when the explosion comes, it is bound to affect the whole of Europe. and cause incalculable bloodshed. It is with the desire of putting this off as long as possible that I hope for the prolongation of your days.

John Bull.

To M. Henri Rochefort.

Monsieur,—The French Press will scarcely seem like its old irresponsible self now that you have retired from the editorship of the *Intransigeant*. Of course, you are a bit eccentric, and some of your articles exceeded the limits of what ought to be permitted in a civilised country, but you were certainly very refreshing. One cannot help admiring a really reckless writer, and you were picturesque in your *rôle* of the apostle of abuse. As vitriol is to lemonade, so was your style of controversy to that of the ordinary political writer. And what always caused me unending delight was the ingenuity of the nicknames you bestowed. I often wish that I had made a collection of them in order that I might read them over whenever I was in need of a pick-me-up. Some of your references to inebriate statesmen were very effective.

With your endless adventures, as a prisoner, a duellist, and an exile, you aroused far more interest than the average hero of romance. Your habit of hitting a head whenever you saw one pop up, and your choice of the biggest men for your adversaries, have revealed you as the possessor of a sporting instinct. I really cannot consent to see you departing into silence and obscurity. Nor do I fancy that you will like it yourself. Please remember that, whenever you are in a fighting mood you will always be welcome in my pages.

John Bull.

To the Right Rev. John Sheepshanks, D.D., Lord Bishop of Norwich.

My Lord Bishop,—I have already told you that in the view you took of Disestablishment in your capacity as President of the Church Congress you have the honour to agree with me. You appear to have grasped the bearings of the question with a thoroughness and absence of prejudice rare among those distinguished from their fellowmen by wearing extraordinary hats and aprons. By-the-way, what *is* the intent and meaning of the episcopal apron, my dear Lord Bishop? Surely it cannot be that of preserving the bifurcations when the waiter spills the soup?

But let us to our sheep. As you remark, the parochial clergy would not be the losers by Disestablishment financially, though it was a fact that the laymen of no other communion gave so inadequately to their Church and their ministers. So much is this true, that but for the endowment one wonders what the Bishops and clergy would do for a living. A great many of them, I feel sure, would have to find another job.

Of course, the members of the Congress were not enthusiastic over your declaration that "Disestablishment would bring greater freedom to the Church, which would then be able to exercise better discipline over its Clergy." Nevertheless, your views are at once a pledge and a sign of your broad-mindedness and your courage. No doubt you remember what Mr. Chamberlain said in the days when he was the champion of the "greater freedom." "The high principle of religious equality," he said, "is everywhere slowly undermining the fabric of ecclesiastical privilege. The principle is fatal to all State Churches, and it will surely be applied to the Church of England and the Church of Scotland as well as the Church of Wales." You will be delighted to know that in a few months I intend to disestablish the Church in Wales—if, that is to say, your lordship's noble House of Peers will let me. It has become an urgent case, as you will gather from the fact that there are fewer than 153,000 churchmen in the Principality as against upwards of 516,000 Nonconformists, while out of 298,000 scholars in attendance at the day schools only some 76,000 are in schools belonging to the Church.

These facts have compelled me furiously to think; and one of these cold and frosty mornings you will awake to find that your lordship's House has—thrown out the Bill. Then once more your colleagues will be able to stretch forth their lawn sleeves, clasp their hands, and fervently "thank God we have a House of Lords."

John Bull.

To Mrs. Calvin Thomas, of Paris, Illinois.

Dear Madam,—"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." You have not yet reached the dying stage, so you have selected that other Paris as your abiding-place for two short years of unalloyed bliss—with the wrong man. It seems a curious case, taken all round. Courted by Alvin, kissed in the park by Calvin, engaged to Alvin, married to Calvin posing as Alvin, Calvin going away for a holiday, Alvin dropping in promiscuous-like! But I think you brought your punishment—it may have been capital punishment—on yourself by getting mixed up with such a family. Are there any more brothers? However, you are tired of twin marriage, and are seeking a divorce. I hope you will be successful, and have better luck next time. If I might suggest—though I am a child in such matters—perhaps you could put a private mark on the new goods—something which could not be forged or fabricated—and the rest would be easy. Candidly, I think you very much to blame. Take the public-house incident: Alvin goes in one door sober, and the next moment Calvin comes out drunk, and you take it as a matter of course! But, hang it all, even with the strongest temperance beverages it couldn't be done in the time! The only excuse you seem to have is "they were both wearing trousers exactly alike." It would be an advantage, perhaps, if you selected a Scotchman next time. Well, good luck, and may you be for ever happy when you get properly sorted out.

John Bull.

To Sir Squire Bancroft.

Dear Squire,—I was amused to see you appearing in your new rôle at the Church Congress, and I quite agree with you that many clergymen are sadly deficient in the matter of elocution, but you naturally arouse some ridicule by lecturing them in tones which were almost inaudible. However, it was your wife whom you held up to them as a model. Her lowest notes, you said, reach the furthest end of the largest theatre, and her beautiful voice still struck upon your ear as the music of silver bells. That is all very nice and touching, if perhaps vicariously immodest. However, I congratulate you. It is not every husband who at all times regards his wife's voice as the music of a silver bell. I see that you took as your text a passage from "Much Ado about Nothing." This was not altogether inappropriate, for your speech was much ado about very little indeed. We live too fast at the present day to concern ourselves very much with sermons, and I suppose that most clergymen, with the exception perhaps of a few great orators amongst them, merely waste their time by the preparation and delivery of some hundred sermons a year. Still, I hesitate to agree with you that anything much would be gained if clergymen were to take mummers as their model. I have seen one or two theatrical clergymen who strutted and gesticulated in their pulpits, waving their arms about like wind-mills, and I confess that I was not particularly edified. The mannerisms of an actor do not convey an impression of sincerity, and I hope the day may be far distant when either parsons or politicians think it necessary to go through a course of elocution lessons, whereby they would only be turned into colourable imitations of imperfect machinery. May I suggest to you that you should mind your own business? How would you like it if Father Vaughan came to your theatre to teach you how to act? By the way, why have you so ridiculous a Christian name? Who gave you that name?

John Bull.

THE ARCH-DIABOLIST.

THE STRIKE ALARM—AND A FEW ECHOES.

By James Sherliker.

I met a man the other day who prays every night for the railway crisis to blossom into a strike. He is sure of a job, he says, if the men come out, because his name is in the first hundred on the books of a "blackleg" bureau. Also I happen to know a railway porter, religiously inclined, who is praying for peace. Both men attribute their anxiety to "wife and family," both prefer work to play, and each, like all good Christians, is beautifully confident that his Creator will listen to his plea.

This is the most interesting latest "crisis" item I have been able to gather; but, looking back over the crises I have watched, and the strikes which the national pitchfork, nicknamed "Progress," has led to me figuring in, I see pictures and recall incidents which railway men and others might find to be worth studying.

The retrospect always leads me to the same conclusion—that persons responsible for strikes are criminals; that they ought to be treated as such; that the odds are on the men with the bank balances, and that anyone ridiculous enough to imagine that strikes can possibly grease the wheel of advancement will render a valuable service to the State by refraining from airing his or her ignorance of the subject.

The first time I "struck" I was a boy, and did not understand; next time I was a youth. I understood then, but I had to come out all the same. I pointed out in as homely a manner as possible that we were fighting capitalists, and that Capital, being able to afford more nourishment than labour, was naturally stronger. One man, I remember, replied, "Go to H——!"

"If we can find arbitration there, certainly," I retorted.

"What's that?" another colleague inquired.

I explained.

"What do independent persons, as you call them, know about it?" he jerked. "*We* are the men the masters are wronging, and *we* are the men to fight."

We struck. We fought. We struggled. Then do you know what happened? Why, arbitration.

I inquired why it had not been thought of before, and there was no answer. Meanwhile, slabs of honest pride had slid down to paupery. There had been riots, and arrests, and smashing of mill windows. Cash tradesmen had put up the shutters; credit tradesmen were spending most of their time in the County Court. There were vacant looks and vacant chairs, and the army recruits, who had filled them, were sitting on their camp beds in the barrack-rooms, reading about the ruin, and "How we shall miss your wages" in letters from home.

Railwaymen ought to be told things. They ought to think. And railway directors, they ought to be *made* to think before the railway trouble is permitted to develop a single inch nearer the full flower of its idiocy. Parliament should pass a Bill making arbitration compulsory. It is not good for children to have to starve. It is not good for wives and daughters to be forced to the fringe of that awful "other means." It is disgraceful, too, that ambitious boys should be thrust into the arms of the recruiting sergeant. Ambition is needed in civilian life, and needed much more than is the commission in the office of the recruiter.

In a few weeks more, should a strike take place, and you happen on one of the big railway centres, make a few inquiries. Call on the local pawnbrokers and the publicans. Peep into the County Courts, take a snapshot of the wasted energy at the street corners. Inquire of the schoolmistress why little Alice—little Alice, who was bright and clever—is becoming puny and dull and disinterested.

"Strike" is the answer. "Strike" and "half-pay," the housewife's nightmare, the husband's curse, the cup that poisons the child's intellect.

Shareholders, it is your move. Play, and play the game! Save the child! To-morrow, when the man with the blacklegs offers to provide substitutes for the strikers, tell him "No." Listen to Mr. Bell's plea for a living wage. The "living wage" he speaks of means food for children who are just as important in the eyes of "Him" as are those who carry your name and your adoration. What do they know of dividends? How can they help that little 2½ fall? Or the men, for that matter? Have not they worked just as hard? And is there anything unreasonable in their wanting to spend an hour or two more at home? Play the game! It's your move. Arbitrate!

This praying, too, this talk by men in pulpits, is no more or less than a waste of words. Preachers must be—and are—hypocritical at such a time, and you know it. They want money. You have it; the workers have not. And where lies the sincerity, or common sense, in paid servants pretending to take sides and to fix the blame?

I have heard clergymen plead for hours for conciliation, but have always noticed, when they have directed the regulation dying-duck gaze in the direction of the Almighty, that they carefully passed over the "almighties" sitting in front pews, and levelled their warning looks at the "all-weaks" sitting behind. And I know that, should the railway strike take place, it will happen again.

And you, the "almighties" of the front pews, will join the children of the railway men in the singing of "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Join them now—in living. They want recognition. Think it over. These echoes of the strike alarm are like the echoes of a dirge.

THE MAJORITY AND THE MINORITY.

By Harford Willson.

We live in a country in which it is popularly supposed that the majority rules. The will of the people is law, is the common belief. Like a lot of other common beliefs, that phrase is an exceedingly common lie.

The majority don't rule. The will of the people isn't law. We don't get what we want. We get a lot of things that we don't want. Majority rule! Why, as a general rule it's the minority who do the ruling. The smaller the minority the greater their rule. The noisy clamour of a few is, in lawmaking at least, far more effective than the silence of the many.

If the majority had ruled, the Act of Parliament which brought into being the Black List would never have become law. If the majority had ruled, the Street Betting Act, with its driving of the bookmaker out of the eyes of the police, would never have been possible. If the majority had ruled, there would have been no suppression of living statuary. Whatever our own private opinion on these matters, it must be admitted that the results are directly contrary to the will of the people.

Again, if the majority had ruled, the time spent by politicians and parsons this last few years in religious bickerings and squabbling would have been used to better purpose.

If the majority ruled, we should have had old age pensions and an eight hours day long ago. If the majority ruled, the deceased wife's sister might have been led to the altar many years ago. If the majority ruled, the country would not be faced to-day with a possible gigantic railway strike.

No, the majority doesn't rule. The majority of people in London and Manchester to-day don't care an empty match-box whether their Lord Mayor is a brewer of beer, a seller of bacon, or a builder of houses. The opposition to the election of Sir John Bell and Alderman Holk to the Lord Mayoralty because they were brewers was, in reality, supported by a mere handful of people, comparatively.

When the Anti-Puritan League was started last year, many good folks declared that it was not needed. Whether the A.P.L. is now in existence I know not. If it is, it might step in and help to clear away some of the cant and humbug which is at present deluging Manchester. A so-called "Citizens' Committee," by no means representative of citizens generally—the Bishop (Dr. Knox) has repudiated it very warmly—this "Citizens' Committee" is hard at work endeavouring to create the impression that its narrow-minded members voice the opinions of the majority. This committee depicts the brewer in general, and the new Mayor in particular, as a monster of iniquity, who is never so much in his glory as when some unfortunate being is soaking himself in beer to his own injury and the brewer's profit.

Now, if a brewer is not fit to be Lord Mayor, he is not fit to occupy a seat on the Aldermanic bench, or, indeed, in the City Council. And if brewing is so great an evil, why does the Corporation of Manchester teach the art of brewing in its Technical School? Admitted that the tied-house system is an evil, our business is to make that system impossible, not to abuse the man who simply takes advantage of the conditions he finds obtaining.

Personally, I am practically a life-long teetotaler; I am a member of a temperance society. But I recognise that beer—good, honest beer—is a necessity to the majority of people. I would prefer, however, that its manufacture and sale were under public control instead of private. Similarly, I would rather England belonged to the majority—in fact, to all Englishmen—rather than to a few landlords. But I know that the brewer can no more help being a brewer, nor the landlord help being a landlord, than I can help being a journalist. And so long as the brewer brews good beer, or the landlord charges low rents, or I write sensible articles, I don't see why any one of us shouldn't be Lord Mayor if we want—or if a majority of our fellows want also.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Payment of Labour.

Not often is the disparity of the wages paid to men and women workers brought so prominently forward as it has been by the Captain of a Russian vessel anchored near Woolwich. He frankly admitted that he tried the experiment of hiring women to load his ship because their average wage is exactly half that of men. In this particular instance the women failed through lack of physical strength, but unquestionably in many cases their cheaper labour is every bit as satisfactory as was that of the better-paid men whom they supersede. There can be but one safeguard against feminine competition ultimately lowering the standard of men's wages in many trades, and that is "equal pay for equal work" for both sexes. Some short-sighted folk think an easier plan would be to forbid women entering the labour market at all, but this is scarcely "practical politics." Women don't work day in, day out, just for the fun of the thing! It's a case of earning daily bread or starving, just as it is with their male competitors. Unfortunately, the average comfortably-off woman seems unable to see what would be really most advantageous to her working sisters, as for the last twenty years there has been a marked tendency on the part of the well-to-do Women's Unions to advocate legislation restricting the field of labour for genuine working women. Surely the wisest course, in the long run, is to oppose all such attempts at binding the hands of female workers by Acts of Parliament, but at the same time to endeavour to obtain for them greater equality with men as regards wages. Suggestions to prohibit women following first one trade, then another, are always cropping up. The last broached notion is to forbid married women working for money at all. What between open foes and unwise friends the women of the poorer classes seem to be in a singularly helpless and deplorable situation. Apparently "the right to work" may soon be a perfectly genuine wail on their part, whatever it is with a large number of unemployed men.

What Size Are You?

Doesn't it seem strange that the average size of women should vary according to nationality? One would have thought that women would be "much of a muchness" no matter where they chanced to be born. But no such thing, as is proved by the relative sizes of the stock garments made by English, French and German manufacturers. The Teutonic dames lead the way in bulk, the English come next, while the little French women bring up the rear. Obviously it is the English women who are "just right"—neither so massive as to be unromantic, nor so small as to be insignificant. However, the average English girl is growing bigger; I should say that nine out of ten daughters nowadays overtop their little Mammas. This rising generation has a grievance against shop-keepers. The stock-size garment is too small. Every woman knows that a dress can frequently be obtained ready-made for very little more money, comparatively speaking, than would have to be given for the material alone. Besides the economy, an immense amount of time and trouble is saved by those fortunate females who can patronise shop-made gowns. "Why, oh why," sighs the modern damsel, in genuine distress, "will they make everything too small for me?" It really is a short-sighted sticking to tradition on the part of the manufacturers. There are thousands of girls who know but too well that it is useless for them to even try on the narrow-shouldered, slight-waisted gowns that are so alluringly exhibited. However, shop-keepers have to move with the times, and perhaps ere long it will be the little women who have to do the lamenting.

The Last of Elbow-Sleeves.

I can give you a few hints concerning the coming fashion in sleeves. To start with, the day of the elbow-sleeve has departed. This style has had a good innings and has looked very pretty, but it is to be relegated to the limbo of things past—doubtless deeply regretted by glove manufacturers, who have reaped a golden harvest from it. Quite possibly we shall drift to the opposite extreme, and patronise cuffs that come down well over the knuckles. But, surmises apart, the sleeves of the newest winter models show a marked tendency to be considerably smaller in dimensions, those of tailor-made gowns being particularly

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neat and tight-fitting. The very latest notion—the fashion of to-morrow so to speak—is to be a revival of perfectly tight rucked sleeves.

Vocal Gymnastics.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to believe when we lift up our voices in song, that whether we succeed in charming our hearers or not, we at least are doing ourselves good. Strenuous exercise, in moderate quantities, is as beneficial to the lungs as to any other part of the body. Better far is it for any lady who desires a fuller bust to seek to acquire it by this means, rather than by spending money on any quack decoctions. All professional women singers, it may be noticed, have magnificently full figures. Dr. Rush asserts that German people are comparatively rarely afflicted by consumption, doubtless owing to the strength their lungs attain from their exercising them in vocal music, which is an essential branch of education in the Fatherland. Indeed, an eminent singing master has said that consumption in its very early stages may be absolutely cured by this means. Therefore, let us all emulate the birds, and remain supremely indifferent to the remarks of the neighbourhood. N.B.—Emulate the lark, not the nightingale. Don't wake the echoes in the small hours!

The Coat of Many Colours.

I think it was Mr. Crosland who declared that men wore clothes in order to prevent horses shying at their hideousness. Now it seems that an irrepressible Yank has been upsetting the phlegmatic philosophy of the animals at the Zoo with his wonderful raiment. The endurance of these poor animals gives cause for admiration when it is known that an African lion has gazed unmoved, undismayed, on a female in rational dress. But the consternation that the animals have exhibited at sight of the American's wondrous clothes must give pause to those dress reformers who are seeking to make it incumbent on members of the sterner sex to wear bright colours. One dares not think how the mind of the average cab horse would be affected at the sight of a cockney in eighteenth century garb. It would probably mean the interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

We have received the following letter from a lady residing at Kennington Park, but who prefers her name should not be published:—

Oct. 4th, 1907.

Sir,—Knowing you take up the cudgels in defence of justice, I send you the following facts for you to use as you please.

A few months ago my late husband's sister died, leaving her residence at Whittlesey to the Duke of Bedford. As I thought it unjust, I wrote to the Duke. The following is a copy of the letter and the reply which I received from his Grace:—

This is the letter which was written to the Duke:—

August 22nd.

To his Grace, the Duke of Bedford.

I humbly apologise to your Grace for the liberty I take in addressing you. The Miss ——, who died recently, leaving her residence at Whittlesey to your Grace, was the sister of my late husband, who died two years ago, leaving me in very reduced circumstances, with an only daughter mentally afflicted, at present an inmate of an asylum, because I have not the means to pay an attendant for her at home with me.

My father . . . and his forefathers lived on your Grace's estate at Thorney Abbey for over three hundred years, which emboldens me to appeal to your Grace for help to enable me to keep my only child with me, for which I should be most grateful.

I beg your Grace to forgive me for troubling you.

Your obedient servant,

——

and here is "his Grace's" reply:—

Bedford Office,
Thorney,
Peterborough.

Dear Madam,—I am instructed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 22nd ult., to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and to inform you your application cannot be acceded to.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Forrest.

Sept. 6th, 1907.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Little Stories." By T. W. H. Crosland. (London: Sisleys, 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Many of us have already enjoyed what Mr. Crosland calls his apologies in the *New Review*, *Academy*, and other less worthy publications, but they are right welcome now that they are gathered together in one cover. Like everything that Mr. Crosland writes, they are biting and cynical, they reveal a fighting attitude towards this troublesome world, and nearly every one of his epigrams is profound. I wish I had space to do more than quote a couple of the shorter quips, but, of course, everyone will read the book for himself and itself.

Net.

"For sweet charity's sake," murmured the duchess, as she clapped a sixpence into the widow's hand.

And the widow said, "Heaven bless you, madam," and wept tears of gratitude.

The Runner.

"Hist," cried Snug, "why this haste—why these wild and hunted looks? Art thou pursued by some enemy?"

"No," gasped Flute, " . . . it is my friends."

"Another Point of View." By Roderick Linden. (London: Humphries, 1907. Price 5s. net.)

The publisher of this book seeks to arouse our curiosity by informing us that it is written incognito by "a man well known in society and politics." Internal evidence suggests that he was a member of the last Parliament. He is certainly a disappointed man, probably a bit of a prig, possibly a bit of a fool. There is scarcely any story, but rather a gentle trickling stream of desultory reflection. Oddly enough, he seems to share most of the views of Mr. Jim Crow, and I almost begin to wonder whether he is the same gentleman under another name. He disapproves of children and Germans, and Rudyard Kipling, and most of Jim's other "black beasts." He seems even to share his views on the delicate question of liquid refreshment. When he dines with somebody, he hates to be asked what he would like to drink. "I always feel inclined to say, 'The best you have got.'" The inquiry generally means, "Please say whisky, or, better still, cold water." Here is another nice passage: "Once, when I was travelling in Germany, my companion asked his servant what he thought of the country. 'It's a very odd thing, sir, I don't see any gentlemen's 'ouses,' which was a natural and rather shrewd reply. Naturally, for how could there be any gentlemen's houses in a country which possesses nothing approaching a gentleman?" On the whole, I rather like this book, though sometimes it is a bit Balfourian. It is almost clever and quite unique; take this passage as a specimen:

I am a mixture of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington; I have no manners and no small talk.

"Why does one never see you?" she went on. "Why do you bury yourself alive?"

"Because I am neither sociable nor amiable," I replied.

"You are so absurdly touchy! No wonder you quarrel with people."

"I avoid it by burying myself alive."

"You should not be so sensitive."

"I only take the impress of truth."

She paused a moment. "But you always want to do as you like," she declared obstinately.

"Do you always want to do what you don't like?"

"But you must do as others do."

"Or avoid them."

"That's not the way to get on."

"It is a way to get out."

"You have no business to want to get out," she said impatiently.

"Then I retire hurf."

"What have you to complain of?"

"Nothing; it was you who complained of me."

"But why don't you try to make yourself agreeable?"

"It is useless to fly in the face of Nature."

"It is no use running away from your friends, anyhow."

"I didn't have to: nobody ran after me."

"You could hardly expect them to do that."

"No, their tendency was rather in the opposite direction."

"But you might have kept up with them."

"By running after them again?" . . .

"You are impossible."

"You began by telling me that. Dizzy somewhere says that nothing is impossible to those who really care. I suppose people never really cared about me."

"How can they if you keep them at a distance?"

"It ought to lend me an enchantment."

"You seem to think of nothing but yourself."

"Nobody else ever thought much of me, so far as I could see."

"Don't think me unkind, but are you not getting rather selfish?"

"Probably," I said, as if it were a new idea. "I am prematurely old. Children are selfish. One tries to fight against it as one grows up, but the habit often creeps on again in old age."

Small beer, perhaps, but refreshing.

"A Hole in the Coat." By Charles Eddy. (London: Cassell, 1907. Price 6s.)

It is so long since I have come across a really amusing book that I must exhort everybody to read this one. The wit is never forced, and the characters are perfectly natural, as well as delightfully whimsical. Lady Pat, the heroine, starts an office for company promotion, and for a while does wonders. But she refuses to marry a promoter person named Moseley, who thereupon devises an ingenious plot for bringing her to ruin. Meanwhile, the man she loves disapproves of her floating a copper mine, and tells her to choose between the mine and himself. She is not to be bounced, and chooses the mine. Just as she has carried out a very successful operation, and disposed of thousands of £1 shares for over £5 each, she discovers that her discarded swain has been buying them up so that he may help her when the crash comes. All sorts of complications follow, and, of course, everything comes right in the end. I never thought that I could take any interest in a book about the City, but this one is so fresh and amusing that it is almost irresistible. It is difficult to convey the charm of this story by any selection of extracts, but the following passage is fairly typical:—

I had a bedroom in the village where I kept my clothes, and on my way there I encountered Mrs. Lawford.

"I've just been to telegraph that I'm staying another week," she explained; "Lady Pat's ankle cannot be left."

I ventured upon a slight grimace.

"How does it feel, Alec?" She touched her own well-formed nose.

"I bite my thumb at you," said I, suiting the action to the word.

"Mind you get up some fresh subjects of conversation," said she, "for I foresee that we shall be thrown a good deal together."

"The stores of my mind are always at your service," I bowed gravely.

"Oh, help," cried the old lady, and fled up the road. As I looked after her sprightly figure, upright and agile in spite of her thousand years, I guessed that she was really pleased with the position. A woman is a matchmaker as a man is a pipe-smoker, both by habit and inclination.

On the title-page we have the following "old saying":—"When there's a hole in the coat, there's a pickthank to spy it." But I still fail to see any justification for the meaningless title of the book.

"The Immortal Light." By John Mastin. (London: Cassell, 1907. Price 6s.)

This is an account of some travels in an imaginary country somewhere in the South Polar regions. There are minute descriptions of all the wonderful inventions made by a strange race which talks Latin and lives underground. The author is evidently a learned scientist, and I daresay he is quite as accurate as Jules Verne, but I confess that I found him tedious. However, he possesses a vivid imagination, and writes fairly well. I suppose I may safely recommend the story to most metallurgists, astronomers, geologists, and such solemn folk.

"A Sentimental Season." By Thomas Cobb. (London: Laurie, 1907. Price 6s.)

There is a good deal of distracting pathos and some human nature in this book. The autobiographical hero becomes a cripple at the outset in his endeavour to serve the heroine. He is a serious person, she is a love-child and irresponsible. The obvious consequences ensue. He loves her, but, after some decent hesitation and various catastrophes, she elects for riches and comfort. The author is quite clever at drawing a character and creating an atmosphere. He has written a clever book, but not a very cheerful or inspiring one.

"Cockney Critics and their Little Games." By Junius Secundus. (London: Southwell. Price 6d.)

This is evidently an attempt at satire by a disappointed scribe. A prefatory note tells us that it is only directed against the critic without a heart. But surely a heart ought not to find a place among the paraphernalia of a critic! It might lead him to praise bad work—a worse sin than depreciating a masterpiece. Junius Secundus is not without a certain fluency.

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TWO MEN WITH STICKS.

By W. T. R.

How anxiously I watched two men with sticks pass up our street. They come slouching along. Big, hulking fellows. Probably pensioners of the local police force. Men with no more heart or brains than a dog-fish. From right to left they look at the numbers until they decide they have come to the right one. Then these despicable harpies of the law, who are about as impressionable as eunuchs in an Oriental harem, march straightway in without the slightest warning, and squat themselves down on the most cherished bits of furniture. No words are needed.

They are the brokers! Who doubted it?

The master of the homestead is burning with shame and irritation; the wife is prostrated in a corner of the room, absolutely helpless. The poor feel the smart of this more than the rich. Then there are the children, who stand by in half-amused curiosity.

The husband tries to explain that it is not his fault. He has been struggling against adversity. He has let things slide in a desperate hope that something would turn up.

The brokers sit by with wooden faces.

"All we want," says the leader of the twain, "is the amount stated on this 'ere paper."

The husband says: "It is impossible. Indeed, we have had no food to-day. The children have gone to school with scarcely any breakfast, and there is not a penny in the house until wages day."

A sarcastic smile is all the response from the tools of the law. "Unless we get the money we takes the goods," says one.

The husband says: "Let 'em go, and be damned," but the woman cries: "No; how can we get on with the children coming home to tea and bed?"

Eventually the husband goes in search of the man who has put the brokers in, and persuades him to relent, but to a great extent he is powerless. "The law charges have to be met."

The County Court is nothing more than an elaborate piece of machinery for the manufacture of paupers. Goods are sold on credit, more often than not, with the knowledge that the purchasers cannot possibly pay in the ordinary way.

Creditors have matters all their own way. They can afford to pay solicitors, whilst the debtors cannot. Moreover, it would be more than a debtor's situation was worth for him to appear at the County Court to answer a summons for debt.

The judge knows very little of the hardships to which some debtors are put. A debt of £2 is often doubled when the costs are added to it. Is it any wonder that paupers are made, when the poor man, who hardly knows how to keep body and soul together, has to pay heavy lawyer's fees in addition to a debt?

Shopkeepers and tally-men would be more chary of giving credit if it were not for the County Court.

More often than not the wife contracts debts that the husband knows nothing about. In these cases, when conclusively proved to the satisfaction of the judge, there ought to be no possible means of recovery against the husband.

Under the existing laws, the County Court is nothing more or less than a debt collecting agency for some of the worst classes of creditors, and the judge is an unconscious tool of pauper manufacturers.

"LIMERICKS" AND THE CHURCH.

A correspondent writes: While John Bull has been singled out by the authorities for prosecution for initiating an alleged lottery scheme, it is amusing to find the very obvious fraud of Limerick competitions receiving the blessing of the ecclesiastics. According to the *South Bucks Free Press*, there is to be a grand Limerick Competition in connection with the Christ Church Bazaar, to be held in the Town Hall at High Wycombe, on December 10th and 11th. The Rev. T.W. Richardson, M.A., of Golborne Rectory, is to be the adjudicator; while the prizes are to be awarded in coupons, entitling winners to purchase goods at the bazaar to the value of the amount won. The following is the ebullition, in respect to which budding Buckinghamshire poetasters are asked to exercise their ingenuity:—

"A Wycombe young lady, named Nan,
Sweetly said, as she played with her fan,
'At the Christ Church Bazaar
We will see that you are
.....'"

What has the Bishop of the Diocese to say to this latest method of bringing the Church of England and the Church of Christ into contempt?

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That "The Christian" is Hall Caine's last play.——That Mr. C. J. Stewart is the most "Trustee" man available.——That Rudyard Kipling is now writing "The Incarnation of Krishna Keir Hardie."——That the Bishops intend to join the "Labour" party, and work for their "livings."——That the medical profession is a dead-and-alive business.

Two moons at night is the drinker's delight—
Shut out in the morning—drinker's warning.

After the glorious deeds of Trafalgar, it is sad to see the announcement, "Nelson's Library, 7d. net." Where's Algernon?

A contemporary asks, "Why should only the 'woes of women' be mitigated by the gentle art of sewing? Would it not do woeful men good also to be set to hem a sheet or embroider a counterpane?" Well, we have seen a man with three sheets in the wind.

Stories of Lord Brampton are rife just now. In his early days a pick-pocket got into trouble, and his solicitor wanted to engage Mr. 'Awkings, but the fee stood in the way. He left to see what he could do, and returned radiant shortly after. "It's all right, guv'nor; had a bit o' luck in the Strand!"

Lord Curzon has recently visited Allonby village, Cumberland, where 36 years ago he bought toffee. Since then the ex-Viceroy has given toffee to many.

The Hon. Rupert Guinness has just claimed a vote for Haggerston on the grounds that he rents a room for 5s. a week. We understand that Warings secured the job of furnishing it.

An American lady visitor at Stratford-on-Avon having seen every Shakespearian relic, at last reached the railway station. After a pause she said, "Yes, of course; this is where he took the train to London, wasn't it?"

A constable at Tower Bridge police-court said that the prisoner's language was not fit for a pig to hear. Accordingly it was not repeated before the magistrate.

"Whisky Going Up" reads a *Star* heading. Jim Crow is a reformed character, or he would soon remedy this state of things.

During the summer Eastbourne had 656 hours of sunshine, while Manchester had only 359. This puts the latter place fairly in the shade.

Sir T. Lipton is going to have another shot at lifting the America Cup, this time with Shamrock IV. Well, a fourfold shamrock ought to ensure luck.

Letters received at Tangier state that Sir Harry Maclean is well. What we want to know is, how is Raisuli—since the Kaid took to playing the bagpipes?

"The *Daily Mirror* will be glad if its readers will aid it in its search to find the most beautiful woman in England by forwarding to its Beauty Editor photographs of all beautiful women of their acquaintance." "Jim Crow" has sent along his eldest sister and is very sanguine.

Frank Richardson says that holiday-making is a disease. We wish he would catch it.

A candle shade which cannot catch fire has been invented. But will it catch light?

By his recent marriage, Sir A. Conan Doyle has given Sherlock Holmes the greatest of all problems to solve—woman.

It is said that New York is to have a building 150 storeys high. The statement adds one more.

A thief stole a large sum of money from a bank in Germany recently. He left no marks, but on the contrary took 60,000 with him.

Condensed Criticisms:—

"The Sins of Society." A very *good* play, considering the extent of the subject. Brimstone and treacle well mixed, and laundry scene excellent. Will be popular with the "pit," and not damned even by the "gods."——"The Gay Gordons." A Scotch military play. The characters are full of their nationality, and the Highland fling by the chorus is a display which leaves nothing to be desired. The piece is Hickspensively mounted.——"Under the Greenwood Tree." Rather a shady play. The "Oaks" scene very good. The part of the tree might be cut a good deal, and the hero's voice is not the right timbre, in fact, he barks.——"The Christian." An idealistic melo-drama, the principal character in which—as the title implies—is a mythical creation of the author's ingenuity. As a tear-producer, it may rank with the onion. Hall Caine and no sugar.

Firemen desirous of promotion have now to undergo periodical examinations. As other trades and professions will doubtless follow, the following list of authors may be useful:—Firemen—Burns; Cooks—Browning; Schoolmasters—Hall Caine; Cricketers—Fielding; Jewellers—Goldsmith; Chauffeurs—Swift; Jockeys—Rider Haggard; Gardeners—Hawthorne; Soldiers—Shake-speare and Defoe; Journalists—Wordsworth; Doctors—Payn; Clowns—Smiles; Butchers—Lamb; Cheesemongers—Bacon; Policemen—Longfellow; Shoemakers—Bunyan; Fishmongers—Crabbe; Shoeblacks—Blackmore; Priests—Pope; Brewers—Burton; and Chiropodists—Beecher-Stowe.

A paper asks, "Have we brains in our fingers?" It depends upon what paper you are reading. *You* have.

Woolwinder won the St. Leger. The other runners were worsted.

A woman's paper recommends needlework as a nerve cure. It is the homœopathic remedy—curing one pain by a counterpane.

An authority remarks that "Golf has added many new and picturesque expressions to our language." We thought most of them had been heard before.

There may be no railway strike, but the men are certainly in train.

Wolffe will not make another attempt to swim the Channel this year. He will now strike out in a new line.

A newspaper wants to know whether, *à propos* of the six deaths at Ipswich, it is possible to distinguish edible mushrooms. Certainly. You judge by results.

It is announced that whisky is going to be dearer. Impossible.

Grocers have raised the price of moist and loaf sugar. How sweet of them.

The billiard season has commenced, and the professionals expect to be well in pocket.

Mr. William Bailey has left Philadelphia in a forty-foot boat on a voyage to New Zealand. "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?"

For allowing his three children to climb a chimney 110 feet high, a St. Helen's steeplejack has been fined. He simply wanted to teach them the higher life.

A voter who appeared on the Nuneaton lists has been dead for fifteen years. Time he was buried.

A parson declares that undue levity is the curse of the nation. He took his text from Leviticus.

A food expert says it is difficult to make poor people believe that eels are not nourishing. They find it difficult to grasp.

The new play at the Savoy is called "Joy." We hope it will not be turned to sorrow.

The new game is called diabolo. The devil it is.

Bethnal Green Tories have selected Mr. Eric Hoffgaard, of the Tariff Reform League, as their Parliamentary candidate. He will now have to be on guard.

Novel notes:—The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony has been married to a musician. Mr. William le Queux was one of the witnesses.

Major Dreyfus has retired from the French army. We thought he' Dreyfus to do it. (Copyright.)

Apropos the recent accident at "Devil's Kitchen" it should be pointed out that the place has nothing to do with any of Cook's tours through Greece, but is at Bethesda.

"High politics are done in a corner," says G. K. Chesterton. Hole-and-corner would be better.

REJECTED ADVTS.:—

AMATEUR is learning to play the cornet, and would like to make the acquaintance of a robust companion who could hold the door while he is practising.

GLADYS would be pleased if someone who has lived in Asia could tell her how long it would take a wooden-legged Brazilian to hop round the base of Mount Everest.

PIERRE wishes to be received into the bosom of some quiet English family where he might teach the children. He longs for companionship, as on account of an infectious malady he has no friends.

SENOR writes from Madagascar to ask if there is any place in England where he would be boarded and provided with clothes and pocket money in return for teaching the three-card trick.

The Electric Cure is Popular.

AS PLEASANT AS IT IS EFFECTIVE.

IT is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire, when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor, weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers; those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or heart trouble should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of JOHN BULL which covers this subject fully. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject.—[ADVT.]

TOOLS FOR ALL TRADES.

If your own interest send for our New Comprehensive, Money-saving Catalogue, containing illustrations and descriptions of Sheffield Made Tools for for All Trades supplied at the

LOWEST ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

We send this remarkable book absolutely FREE on request, and, if you are a Tools user, it will save you pounds. It is the cheapest Tools Catalogue in the World. It illustrates every known Standard Make of Tool, at the Keenest Prices ever printed.

No matter what your trade is, we save you money every time. SEND TO-DAY. *Mention this paper.*

J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Sheffield.

5,245 QUOTATIONS FREE.

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"JEWEL"

There is no FOUNTAIN PEN made which for simplicity, reliability and all-round excellence can rival the famous

"JEWEL" PEN

In the words of the users, it

HAS NO EQUAL

Perfect flow, Duplex feed, Gold Nib, fine, medium or broad. Post Free, 5/-; mounted, 7/6, or extra large, No. 6, 12/6.

JEWEL PEN CO., Dept. 114, 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

5/- 5/-

PEN

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

RECTAL TROUBLES

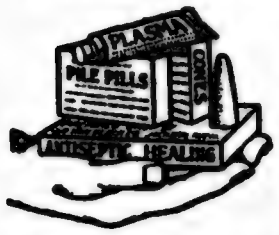
Instantly Relieved by New 3-Fold Treatment Which All Can Try

FREE

4/6 Package, Which is Curing Thousands

Sent Prepaid to All Who Write.

To every person answering this advertisement at once we will send — Free to try—our complete new three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us 4s. 6d. If not, we take your word and you send nothing; you decide after a thorough trial. This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new Pile Book (in colours) comes free with the approved treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—only your name to—Dr. Van Vleck Co., MN 19, Victoria Chambers, 95A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Write to-day.



PEARKS'

STRONG,

FRAGRANT,

ECONOMICAL

TEA

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

S. G. (Old Kent Road) wants a biscuit for Pearson's parrot for saying that a new service of cars has just been started between Southwark Bridge and Catford. S. G. says the cars have been running for years.

W. H. (Bow), B. R. S. (Loughborough Junction), Coal-man (Kingston), "Fairplay" (Gateshead), B. M. P. (Westcliff-on-Sea), G. H. (Maesycwmmes), F. W. (Marylebone Road), S. T. (St. John's Wood), A. E. G. (Heanor), and many others have written about coals. We have endeavoured to deal with the question in No. 69, but shall be glad to consider any further points.

A. E. M. (Gloucester) is a long-distance thought-reader, and possesses the "sixth sense." He invites challenges. We hereby request him to foresee the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. If he can only diagnose the present will he please locate a radium mine?

H. S. (Highbury Barn, N.) writes to us because he knows our interest in Limerick competitions! He points out a strange coincidence. *Answers* announced that they were distributing £2,359 10s. in prizes. Then they produced a certificate that they had received 94,380 postal orders at 6d. These work out at £2,359 10s. So the whole amount was distributed. But *Answers* had announced a deduction of 5 per cent. for expenses. Perhaps Lord Northcliffe, thinking in thousands, overlooked such a trifle.

F. W. S. (Wood Green).—Perhaps they wore mittens, but we will find a crumb.

F. L. (Lower Edmonton).—It was certainly ambiguous to advertise a working housekeeper under the heading "For Sale."

B. McB. (Willesden Junction).—Yes, very funny. Others have also drawn our attention to the jest.

"Once Bitten" (Wicklow).—We have exposed the London Premium Tea Company over and over again.

A. S. (Rye).—It does not seem to us incredible.

J. S. (Liverpool).—See answer to "Once Bitten."

R. W. (West Kensington Road).—It sounds cheap, but cheap things are not always nice.

F. T. (Hull).—See answer to J. S. (Liverpool).

J. L. (Ipswich).—All days are Days of Atonement for the chosen people.

"Protection" (Bournemouth).—Our artist did not take a side view.

A. J. C. (Herne Hill).—Anyone could see what was meant. Not even a crumb.

R. J. B. (Worthing).—A biscuit, by all means. We would give the Bishop a D.S.O. also.

S. R. J. (Kidderminster).—If we give the etymologists biscuits, they must eat 'em all. Oh Gee!

J. E. (New Barnet).—News seems to take some time to reach Barnet. You need the editor of *Barnett's Weekly* to wake you up.

A. L. L. (Peckham).—If you have rich friends, they might help you in the way you suggest.

C. A. S. (Birmingham).—We all try to "combat modern errors," especially in Birmingham.

A. M. T. (Lewisham).—A biscuit for the Bishop, by all means.

R. L. L. (Huddersfield).—Certainly not.

A. S. G. (Whitburn).—We do not agree with your interpretation.

"A Constant Reader" takes the *Daily Telegraph* to task for writing about a "mosquito sting" instead of bite.

R. C. (Brighton).—Alas! we have no time to check such details. Life is short.

K. O. M. (Bishop's Stortford).—Did their offer to return your money come to anything?

P. M. (Brussels) says that, if Diogenes had found Jim Crow while looking round with a candle to find a man, he would have exclaimed, "Eureka, hip! hip! hip! Eureka." P. M. wants to put Jim into a zoo and label him "homo vulgaris," because "he is a barbarian, and he is so with ostentation and pride. . . . For him, no value, what men have written in books since the uttermost recesses of time. Books, all humbug! Dickens?—ha'pennyworth! Carlyle?—a lunatic and graphomaniac! All anguishnesses before the 'Unknown,' before the meaning of life, the aim of the world, the social difficulties, he knows not. Thought is an obsolete and anæmic pastime. How far superior are the bruises and hurts of football. Music, that solace of those who have searched in vain the satisfaction of their tumultuous and avid souls, is bound for him with scales at the next floor, and street organs. But he loves. Ah! the noise, the hard, striking, exciting noise! Ah! the drums! the mob's roar! Noise!—that's the end and the significance of life. Sweet and fortunate Jim. . . . Right you are—men ought not to know, neither to think, nor to see. Those exercises are utterly useless in their lives. Go on throwing blinds over their heads. Go on growing little savages, knowing but bats and balls. Go on making noise, wasting time, playing cricket, insulting to the beauty, and reading no books. And let your posterity cover the world with little crowing Crows." Jim replies telegraphically from Casablanca (at our expense): "Bismillah! What beautiful broken English! There are no little Crows yet, el hamdu lillah! Have thrown no blinds nor insulted to any beauties. Tetkellemshi bel arbiya?"

C. H. P. (Eastbourne).—You have entirely misread our announcements in regard to the Number Scheme. They cannot be said to "convey the impression that bonds of those certain figures are issued to the lucky holders of these said numbers." We give spot cash—not bonds, which may not be redeemed for 50 or 100 years, pending which, in some cases, no interest is paid. Read the announcements again.

E. R. (London, E.).—Yes, we know a good deal about the "Scottish Photographic Touring and Pictorial Postcard Co., Head office, 74, Broomielaw, Glasgow, and of 105, Euston Road." We have frequently referred to the complaints received from readers of payment being made for goods never received. We should advise you to communicate with the police.

"A CONSTANT READER WHO BELIEVES IN NO CREDIT" writes in support of imprisonment for debt. He should act up to his belief. If there were no credit there would be no debt. So we are all agreed.

"AUDIRER" (Upper Edmonton).—We should have been very glad to discuss theology with you, but, unfortunately, it is rather late and we are just off to bed. Meanwhile, we raise our night-cap.

"PAISLEY READER."—We never heard of a birth being classified under "Auction Sales." What an odd lot.

A. G. (Lloyd St., W.C.).—The case sounds fishy, but you can't always tell by the short reports in the papers, and we can't attend every police-court.

A. E. MANDER, "Exponent of Telepathy," writes: "I am sorry you cannot see anything in my small advert." But we are not a telescope and we can't see his £100.

A. H. K. (Leeds) says the matter of the keys (of the Safe Deposit) "has ended all right." But it began badly.

J. B. (Stepney) craves a biscuit for the *Daily Chronicle*, which told a tale of a lost fowl, which remained for five weeks without food or water. One biscuit for five weeks!

G. W. (Chiswick).—Thanks; what a forehead!

"BANDARILLERO" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We have already apologised for our unintentional compliment. Of course, we are not tired of your inspiring communications. Many thanks for drawing our attention to Lord Northcliffe as a calculating machine. Into the pillory he goes again. Eggs is eggs.

M. S. (West Brompton).—How old are they, really? Counting mussels is not the same thing as making a rough estimate.

B. F. (Tottenham) objects to the obituary of a man, aged 43 years, who "for over forty years held a prominent position" at some manufacturing works. B. F. is evidently not a married man or he would know what an important position is often held by gentlemen aged three or less years.

LOGAN (Poplar).—Good boy.

A. E. B. (Birkenhead).—Sorry to have overlooked your letter, but am afraid we cannot enlighten you.

JHON BULL (Leicester).—Your name may be the same as ours, but you spell it differently. Sorry you have not had a winning number yet.

WELSHMAN (Bangor).—We will look into the facts about the Bishop of Bangor. Yes, we can do with an article on the Eisteddfod "if very good"—but it *must* be very good!

T. G. R. (Glasgow).—Your Bull's Eyes are good and shall be used, with very slight "sole and heeling." The rest of your letter is interesting. There was no entrance fee in the Limerick competition advertised in our pages. We will see that the post-cards are sent.

J. B. (Wadsley).—Sorry we overlooked your letter and cutting. Always "stand on us." If you see it in JOHN BULL—it *is* so!

"THE FITTER" (Liverpool) is, or rather was, a commercial traveller. He has since "discovered a more lucrative and perhaps more honourable way of earning a living"—which is rather rough on the members of his late profession. He was recently in the Garden City at Letchworth, and paid a visit to the "village pub," which he found "consisted of a showy lath and plaster establishment with an elaborate sign-board," and the only food he could obtain was "a horribly cooked chop and some stone ginger beer." Whatever the wishes of the inhabitants on the subject of alcoholic drink, our correspondent thinks that "the stranger" is entitled to some consideration. So do we.

H. B. (Peckham) and others call attention to the apparent inconsistency between our attitude on the Limerick craze and the insertion of a recent advertisement of Messrs. Samuda's limerick competition. The answer is simple. In this case there is no entrance fee of any kind—the advertisers being willing, in order to popularise their goods, to give every purchaser a free chance in a limerick competition for which they provide the prizes. We see no objection, always assuming that the purchasers want the goods.

"TERRI BUS" (Ayr).—Thanks for kindly sentiments. The numbers on the covers are started arbitrarily. A publisher would defend the secret of the exact circulation of his paper with his life.

E. T. (Bristol).—Our warning was in reference to the firm's method of business. We understand that Messrs. Kendal and Dent, of Cheapside, have taken over the concern.

"BLUENS" (Sheffield) asks what Jim Crow would say if he were the London and Premium Tea Company and he received an unstamped letter of abuse. Crow is suing us for libel, and we have not the courage to inquire. "Bluens" wants some more "Prisoners at the Bar," but "not the bar Jim Crow frequents." We shall be glad of suggestions as to delinquents.

G. J. M. (West Gorton).—Too abstruse for a biscuit.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

J. B. S. (Ilford).—We wonder any decent paper dare publish the latest advertisement of the "Bile Bean" thieves—"Ker-nak."

N. B. (Sevenoaks).—We N.B. your letter, and will try to win a race presently at fine long odds. The advertisement sounded ambiguous, but did not mean what you mean, we think.

"H. J. S. please" (Wimbledon Park).—Why not dedicate lights for evil livers?

J. E. P. (New Cross).—How can you protest effectively if you agree to abide by the award? And, if you did protest, would you be likely to win a prize?

Jane Cow (Ashton-on-Lyne) disapproves of the caricatures, for which we are being sued for libel by Jim Crow. If we had known Jim had so many partisans, we would have refrained.

"Tommy" (Upton Manor) writes:—"I say, the Jim Crow sketches are a cheap lot. Who done them? The *Daily Mirror* novice?" Why were we ever born?

W. A. (Scarborough) asks us to oblige him with the names and addresses of boarding-houses in the Russell Square district. We should have to bring out a special supplement.

"Chelsea Sam."—John Bull of July 24th, 1824, fetches anything between 5d. and £5, according to the enthusiasm of the purchaser. You see, it wasn't the *real* John Bull.

We desire to return thanks for the numerous congratulations we have received from readers in all parts of the country upon the collapse of the recent prosecution in reference to our Weekly Ballot Scheme.

F. J. K. (Middleton Junction).—Thanks for photo and cutting. We refer to it elsewhere. What a half-witted lot of chaps they look. They must be limerickers!

M. G. (Bexhill), "Man-o'-Kent," H. J. T. (Wandsworth Common), Mrs. H. S. (Chatham), C. J. B. (Hornsey), and E. G. (Chiswick) are heartily thanked for sending us votes for the forthcoming election of the Royal Masonic Institution, to be polled on behalf of the deserving case to which we referred last week.

"Editorial" (Liverpool).—We are all for pure beer, but why do you think we should get it if the State took over the public-houses? Even the post-office is not altogether a success.

H. H. (Wealdstone) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Express*, where Armstrong and Co. (10, Sandland Street, London) offered 35s. a week for addressing envelopes. Armstrong replied with a letter, saying he would pay, for the addressing of envelopes, at the rate of 3s. per 1,000. He enclosed a circular asking for 2s. for "the sample necessary to start work" or "two good references." H. H. sent 2s. and received . . . a fountain pen! If the advertisement had mentioned a fountain pen, he would not have answered it. He asks for our advice. We suggest (1) claiming the return of his 2s. and 5s. costs from Armstrong; (2) claiming compensation from the *Express* as an accessory before the fact; and (3) sending full particulars to Scotland Yard.

E. W. (Chiddingfold) writes about our recent paragraph respecting the opposition to a brewer Lord Mayor. We said that such opposition would not have arisen in the case, say, of a slum property owner; and E. W. says the brewer is responsible for the slums. We are afraid she doesn't look very deep into the social problem, and our idea is confirmed by the following lines, which she encloses in her letter:—

The Liquor Bar.

A bar to Heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well;
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honour, pride, and fame,
A door to darkness and to shame;
A bar that shuts from useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and broken hearts;
A bar to Heaven and door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

S. H. R. (London) is in a difficult position. Returning home rather late one night recently, he found a well-dressed man—apparently a gentleman—in trouble with a cabman, who was refusing to drive his fare and a lady any further, and was demanding his money. The gentleman explained that he had thoughtlessly spent all he had brought with him—some two or three pounds—during the evening's festivities, and as the situation was becoming somewhat warm, S. H. R. advanced the necessary amount, and although not asking for any kind of security was induced to take a purse containing some sleeve links and a stud. He handed his card to the man in distress, but up to the present has heard nothing from him, and being entirely ignorant of his identity is doubtful what he ought to do. He is very indignant at the apparently discourteous conduct of the man whom he befriended. Does it, however, occur to him that either his card may have got lost or mislaid in the confusion of the affair, or that, by not writing, the man prefers to conceal his identity and wishes S. H. R. to keep the articles of jewellery as a reward for his timely intervention? S. H. R. had better have the things valued, and if there is sufficient margin to cover the expense, he should advertise in John Bull and *The Winning Post* that unless they are claimed by a certain date they will be sold. In this way, whether the man in distress is, or is not, "a respectable family man" he is sure to see the notice.

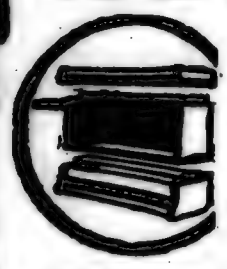
(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

Globe-Wernicke

"ELASTIC" BOOKCASES

ALWAYS COMPLETE BUT NEVER FINISHED.

WE ARE THE ORIGINATORS OF THE 'UNIT' IDEA



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PACKING FREE. Orders of £2 CARRIAGE PAID to any Goods Station in the BRITISH ISLES. Send for Catalogue No. 176 B, free from

The Globe-Wernicke Co. LTD

Office and Library Furnishers,

44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, London, E.C.; 82, VICTORIA ST., London, S.W.

Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.

The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.

A few of the bargains:—

5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. Sale price 10 gns.

6 Black Cloth, lined Genette, large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. Sale price £11 4s.

4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. Sale price £14

Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from £7 10s. to 50 gns.

Original prices £10 to 75 gns.

Swan & Edgar, LTD.,

Gentlemen's Department,

Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

(Established 1870.)

22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

XXVIII.—ORTHODOXY, HETERODOXY, AND THE NONCON. CONSCIENCE.

I confess I am among those who do not understand where the reverend gentleman who occupies the pulpit of the City Temple is getting to. He seems to be drifting in a sea of negations amid a fog of uncertainties. He sends forth a raven, and it returns not. He sends forth a dove, and lo, she finds no rest for her feet; she returns unto him in the ark, and the olive leaf from the dry land is not in her mouth.

Not many months ago, Mr. Campbell himself possessed a Nonconformist conscience. His latest pulpit sensation is to declare that the Pharisees were the Nonconformists of their day, and that the Nonconformist conscience is the pharisaic conscience. "If you go into a typical Nonconformist meeting to-day," says Mr. Campbell, "you will find the old-time Pharisee thanking God that he is not as other men." This may be heinous, but I cannot say that it is peculiar. Most of us spend the best part of our lives in doing pretty much the same thing. I never yet met a man, Nonconformist or Anglican, Deist or anti-Deist, Arian or Nothingarian, who was not invariably thankful that he was a little better than his neighbour.

If Jones gets religion, Robinson, who meets him in trade, says he himself neither would nor could be such a whited sepulchre and such a pernicious humbug. If Robinson hasn't got religion, Jones says he would not and could not be so terribly worldly as he. If Smith gets into the bankruptcy court, or the divorce court, or the police court, Brown is proud to say that such a calamity could not possibly happen to one of his high and noble nature. Each of us has a Nonconformist conscience of sorts till we get found out. The pharisaism of religion is not a whit more common than the pharisaism of the office, the factory, and the shop. We all humbug each other. We all pretend to be something more or less or other than what we are. No man has ever seen or known any other man as he is. We take and are taken for what we seem to be, and the more successfully we simulate, the more successfully we get through this strange, complex world.

Not one single thing or substance, organic or inorganic, is what it seems to be. I am an arrangement of chemicals. I am literally iron for tacks, sulphur for matches, salt for the cruet-stand, gas for the War Office airship, soda for washing-day, lime for the garden, water for the tap, and so on and so forth. A certain French doctor is said to wear a ring made of iron extracted from human blood. This is not a lecture on physiological chemistry. If it were I might say something to startle you. I am merely trying to illustrate the fact that simulation is at the basis of life.

Mr. Campbell's theological opinions are no business of mine; but I do not think it is fair of him to represent the Nonconformist conscience as being something materially different from any other sort of conscience, atheistical, agnostical, jesuistical, casuistical, or Campbellarian. A man will always pretend to be better than he is. It is his nature to. Why should I write my sins upon my forehead? Consider in that case how far over my eyes I should have to wear my hat. I know that, in common with Nonconformists and Campbellarians, I am a guilty mortal, but I want people to have a better opinion of me than I am justified in having of myself. I am a Pharisee.

"I know of one precious rascal who is a pillar of orthodoxy in this district, but who is not too particular in the way he makes money," says Mr. Campbell. I seem to have heard this story before. But I also know pillars of heterodoxy who are not too particular about the way they make money. Perhaps the balances in this respect are fairly level. The pretence and the cant of self-righteousness is much the same among the heterodox as among the orthodox; the assumption of the virtues is as common to one as the other. "I wouldn't do what you do," says orthodoxy. "And if it comes to that," says heterodoxy, "I wouldn't do what you do." The truth is, neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy as such much influences a man for good or evil in the practical affairs of life. The law is more potent than the faith, the self-interest than the ethic. Perhaps since the creation of the world there never was a time when men did unto others as they would wish others to do unto them. "Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson. But that star, as yet, is infinities away.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People*," *and* "*Magpie*" *of the* "*Globe*.")

Due to a Weak Market.

Haydock Park is always a big venue for s.p. jobs.

Their Right.

Did you ever know a backer of horses without a wail?

Aids to Identification.

In S. American racing ALL horses must bear number-cloths.

Noticed It.

We never know the value of a pencil until without one on a racecourse.

Ours Don't Either.

In the Colonies jockeys are not permitted to smoke when in their colours.

Their Fun.

The way bookmakers proclaim betting has begun is—"The Enquiry Office is open."

Which Is It?

Sometimes in running our judgment is at fault—at others we put it down to our binoculars.

A Point of View.

How is it that bookmakers invariably cry "take SLIGHT odds," even if it is 5 or 6 to 1 on?

Racy Slang.

"They are hop-scotching it" is the way of putting it when a race is run at a good pace.

A Fatality.

Somehow or other, backers do not seem to have a particularly "rosy" time when the race cards are of that colour.

'Ware Lingfield!

Did King Duncan?

Jockeys say that the top turn at Windsor in long-distance races is very sharp, and unless on the inside a horse loses a lot of ground.

We Can't Govern It.

When backers want their luck is at the end of the day, not at the beginning—when they are invariably betting lighter and more carefully.

One Man's Meat, etc., etc.

Saturday afternoon is undeniably an easy time, and a day off for backers, but the hardest day in the week for s.p. men who have to make up their accounts.

A Namesake Only.

Topping, the North-country light-weight apprentice, is not, as many believe, a son of—or any relation to—Mr. Robert Topping, of the famous firm of s.p. bookmakers.

The Reason.

People go to Newmarket in the spring to pick up news concerning the three-year-olds, and in the autumn to bet upon the prospective Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire winners.

Why Not Here?

In Belgium, the starters can call the jockeys back if dissatisfied with the start after it has been made. What would Mr. Coventry and others here give to be able to do so at times?

Unusually Signify Can't.

The shrewdest of judges will never follow what they call a "falling" market. Horses that go out do sometimes win—à la Carnegie—but as a rule it is a bad sign. In contrast those that come at the right moment generally do score.

Note the Fact.

Excepting Pretty Polly, the last two winners of the Middle Park Plate have subsequently proved disappointments on the turf, if not absolute bogeys. Among them are such as Caiman, Democrat, Floriform, Minstead, Flotsam and Flair.

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Other Countries, Other Manners.

On all what are termed registered courses in South Africa, bookmakers do not "pay out" until after the next succeeding race. On un-registered courses, which means not under Jockey Club license, the settling is done on the "all right"—as is the case with cash bets here.

Bogeys.

Only too well do backers realise what this term means, and more especially does it hit hard when horses which they have been "following" for months suddenly pop up when unexpected or neglected. There have been a fair batch of disappointments lately; for instance, how long ago is it since Let Go The Painter won a race, and how many had given him up as "impossible" before his belated runaway Kempton victory. Further, how many, I wonder, backed such as Tirara and Hill Climber last time they ran?

Plenty of shrewd people like to follow dangerous stables rather than horses on their form; but it is not easy to know when these betting divisions are really betting, although, like the Druids' Lodge stable at Kempton, they may be out with nearly everything and win a fair share. However, most folk "tumbled" into it, both ways, when blindly following the lead given them for Lord Carnarvon's Bembo in the Kempton Park Nursery—for this maiden colt was backed at as little as 6–4 against 14 opponents in a handicap, and with the gate and the luck of the draw to contend against. It was an utterly preposterous price and proved it. In contrast, heeding the market would have put one off when Carnegie won the last race in the same colours, for he travelled very badly in the betting, and yet to seal it won in a canter.

The Duke of York Stakes.

One anniversary of a big handicap is, I suppose, very much like another. There were certainly great similarities and equally great discrepancies between last year's and last Saturday's races. On the one hand, Tirara did exactly the same with her field as had Polymelus twelve months earlier, namely, had won the race from the moment that they could be espied, and simply "slammed" the field from end to end. She, too, is engaged in the Cambridgeshire, under a 10-lb. penalty, and at first flush it might be said that a reproduction of Saturday's form would even win it. Certainly nothing that finished behind her can hope to turn the tables, provided that she gave the same running. The contrasting part was that while Polymelus's victory was received with the loudest acclamation and cheers, not a sound greeted Tirara as she first cantered past the post with ears pricked, running away, or on returning to weigh in. People, of course, speak through their pockets, and Polymelus had been everybody's tip and a general public favourite. Tirara was absolutely neglected, and if one had been "busy" they might have had 40 to 1 against her.

Unanswerable.

There were two questions on everyone's tongue at Kempton last Saturday, one—prior to the race—being how on earth Dinneford—well-backed as he was by the very cutest folk—was going to "wipe out Manchester," and the other—after the race—"how on earth Tirara did so." The colonial-bred mare certainly again finished in front of Dinneford (despite the vast disparity in their prices), but she herself had *no* possible chance on recent form, having been a moderate third to Lischana and Marlow in turn at Manchester and Newmarket, the latter only eight days before her victory.

But the one horse which Tirara had no possible chance of beating was All Black, who finished an easy two lengths in front of her in the Prince Edward Handicap over this identical distance, gave her 1lb., and was bound to have improved somewhat in the few weeks since then. Yet at Kempton, Tirara gave 1lb. and a stone beating! It is no wonder, therefore, that everyone was so staggered by Tirara's success and the runaway character of it, that they were speechless. On the other hand, it only evidences how very sheep-like all racing folk (including sporting writers) are, for while many would have confidently backed Malua, they absolutely refused to recognise the much promulgated trial in which Malua, who stood down, was beaten by Tirara. Malua would have been 5 or 6 to 1; Tirara was at six times the odds. The result, of course, calls very full attention to Malua's chance in the Cambridgeshire, for he will be better suited by the course there than round the Kempton bends, being a big, striding horse. And, moreover, there was very little in it between him and Tirara when tried last week, and we now see the full value of the form.

International Racing.

Kempton's race-card almost savoured of being a colonial one, owing to the necessity of setting out in what country the different competitors in the Duke of York Stakes were bred. It was certainly quite an international race, for the first and the last, Tirara and Noctuiform, were bred in New Zealand, Dalkeith comes from Australia, Dinneford was reared in Ireland, My Pet and Oakleigh II. in France.

Mr. Spencer Gollan.

The man of last week end was the New Zealand bachelor who had the luck to own the Duke of York Stakes winner, Tirara, but who is very slightly known personally on racecourses. Mr. Gollan, a Bayswater resident, really cares but moderately for racing, and only occasionally attends. For years he was very much keener upon sculling, and almost the year through went out regularly at Putney, either in his own "best boat," or double sculling with Tom Sullivan, for exercise only. He is a "dabster" at almost every sport, except cricket, his latest hobby being golf. He is a very modest better, an absolute sphinx—even among his associates and friends—as regards racing and his horses, and—as was the case for a time in the Colonies—an astoundingly lucky man, having regard to the fact that he has owned so very few thoroughbreds here (most of them Australian importations), but has experienced abnormal good luck to be able to win a City and Suburban with Australian Star, a couple of London cups with the same horse, a Grand National with Moifaa, and now the Duke of York Stakes with Tirara—apart from minor events, particularly with one or two old jumpers, whom he at times rode himself. Mr. Gollan is very fond of the name McCarthy, having owned Meta McCarthy, Bessie McCarthy, &c. His horses are always at a long price, and thereby invariably "benefits" for the ring. His colours are a medley of the same black, white, and red as those of the Thames Rowing Club.

Prophetic.

Beyond confirming the frequently expressed opinion that

MALUA

will take all possible beating in the Cambridgeshire, I need only suggest the support to-day (Thursday) of KAFFIR CHIEF, if he runs in the Autumn handicaps, and that

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

is "good" for his Lingfield race. It is just a year since he won a race—this very race—on this very course.

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